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WHAT EGYPT CAN TEACH US.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

It seems strange to hear the snort of the iron horse at Assouan, 800 miles up the Nile. Yet there is a well-worked stretch of railway around the great cataract, and there will soon be unbroken connection all the way from the Mediterranean to far beyond Philæ. Our Canadian party, however, were too late for the daily train from Assouan, so we had to take donkeys for the six miles' ride through the desert. The popular idea of a desert is that it is a level and limitless stretch of barren sands. A glance at the picture on the following page will show that that is not correct. In many cases there are out-cropping rocks and ruin mounds.

The essential characteristic, however, is its sterility and desolation. Anything more desolate than the verdureless, hot and arid expanse is difficult to conceive. Notwithstanding, the air is so dry and clear that a sense of exhilaration is felt that goes far to overcome the feeling of heat and fatigue. We pass near Assouan, a dreary Arab cemetery utterly neglected and ruinous, many of whose crumbling brick tombs are over one thousand years old. The road passes through a savage defile bordered by granite rocks on either side, and strewn with flint shards and granite boulders in wildest confusion. As soon as we strike the river again, all is verdure and fertility. The shore is populous with native villages fairly swarming with children, even the youngest of whom, if they can say no other word, will lisp out "'sheesh," and hold out their little hands and beg still more ardently with their beautiful dark eyes.

We embarked in a cumbrous river boat rowed by about a dozen coal-black Nubians, who seemed all the darker by contrast

with the snowy robes which they wore. As we reclined beneath our awnings and glided up between the rocky shores, our boatmen chanted in weird, wild cadence a song akin to that which may have greeted the ears of Rameses the Great, or Tothmes I. in those old centuries so long ago.

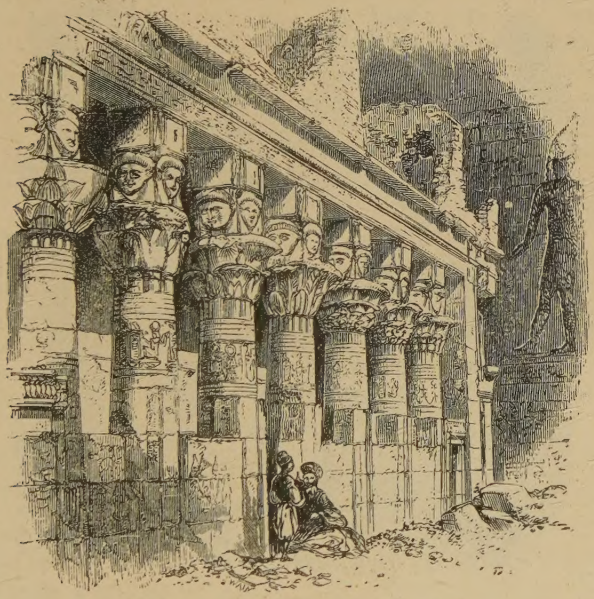
SUNSET IN THE DESERT.

Language has been exhausted in describing the beauty of the sacred island of Philæ, the home of the gods and the site of the most beautiful temple in Egypt. We agree with the sentiment of Eliot Warburton, who characterizes Philæ as the most unearthly, wild, strange and lovely spot he ever beheld. "No dreamer," he says, "of the old mystical times, when beauty, knowledge and

power were realized on earth, ever pictured to himself a scene of wilder grandeur, or more perfect loveliness."

The following lines suggest some of its sacred associations:

> The footsteps of an elder race are here,
> And memories of an heroic time,
> And shadows of the old mysterious faith;
> So that the Isle seems haunted, and strange sounds
> Float on the wind through all its ruined depths.
> "By him who sleeps in Philæ!" Such the oath
> Which bound the Egyptian's soul as with a chain
> Imperishable. "Ay, by Amun-ra,—
> The great Osiris—who is slumbering here."



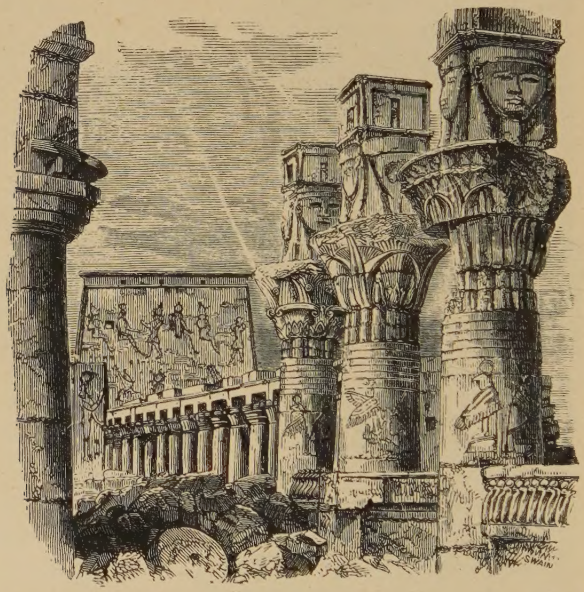
INTERIOR OF GREAT COURT, PHILÆ.

> Lull'd by the music of the flowing Nile;
> Ages have gone, and creeds, and dynasties,
> And a new order reigns o'er all the earth;
> Yet still the Mighty Presence keeps the Isle—
> Awful, serene and grandly tranquil He,
> With Isis watching, restless in her love!

The approach to the island is one of extreme picturesqueness. Giant black basalt and syenite rocks, worn by the winds and waves of thousands of years, rise on either side, many of them covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions of the many conquerors and potentates who have passed this gateway of the land of Nile.

The little island of Philæ, as will be seen from our frontispiece, is crowded with ruins still beautiful even in their sad decay. Where once the college of priests guarded this sacred site now utter desolation reigns, and only one solitary caretaker wanders like a belated ghost of midnight lingering in the dawn of day. This island of dreamy beauty was a favourite resort of Cleopatra. She often moored her silken-sailed dahabeiah beneath its walls.

The temple of Philæ was strongly marked by what Sir Gardiner Wilson called the "symetrophobia" of the Egyptians. The long colonnades have no balance of numbers or design. No two of



ISIS COLUMNS WITH EASTERN COLONNADE AND PYLON, PHILÆ.

the columns are alike, but the very variety and beauty and brightness of colour against the blue sky gives them a strange fascination. Of this lovely temple, as of Cleopatra's beauty, it may be said, "age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety." Mutilated and marred as it is, it still has a pathetic interest. The carving of some of the columns is still unfinished, although the hand that last wrought at them has been turned to dust two thousand years ago.

In the great portico, shown in picture on page 320, the boat steward spread our lunch. Beneath the columns and architraves carved with the symbols of a vanished superstition, amid

the stately halls where once swept the pageants and processions of white-robed priests, where incense burned and chant and invocation filled the air, a group of tourists from a country undiscovered over a thousand years after that old worship had passed away, mused and pondered on the evanescence of human institutions, the inevitable decay of false religions and the banishment of the worship of the false gods from the face of the earth.

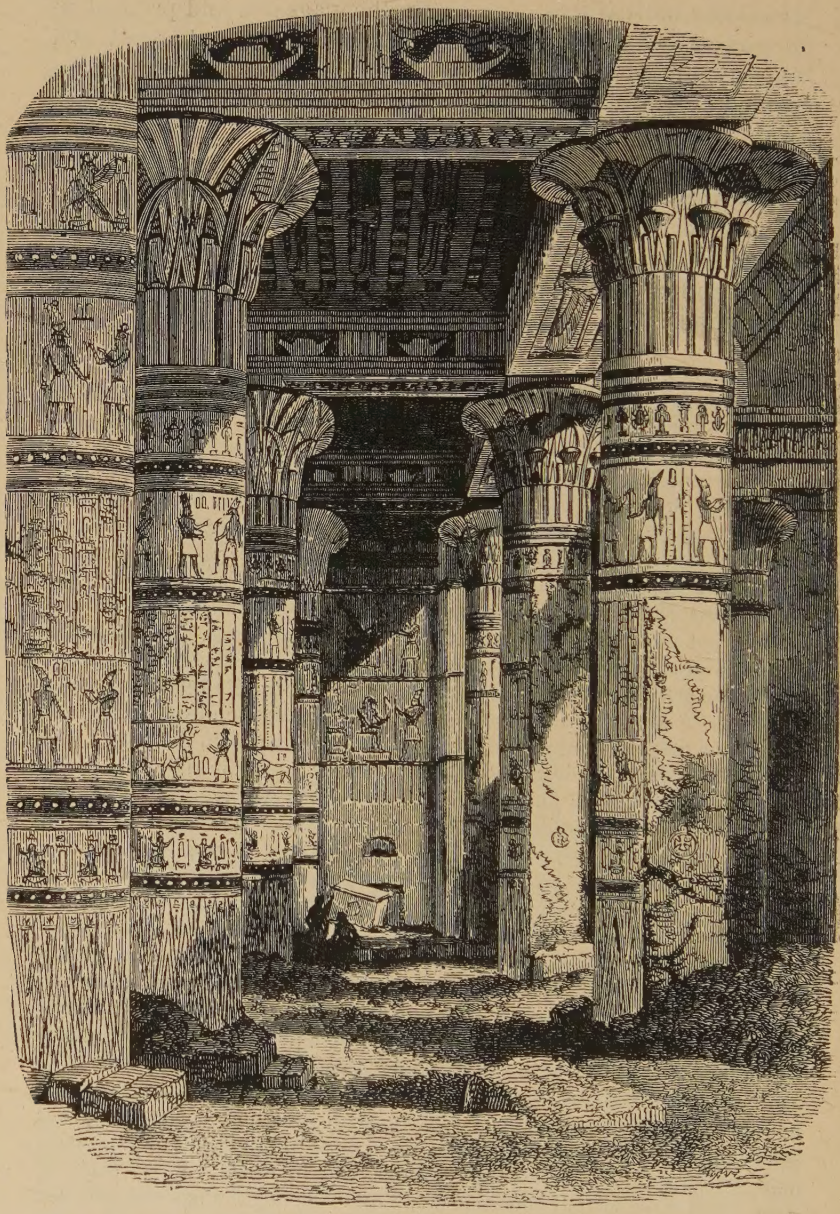
Our Canadian party did not proceed further up the Nile than Philæ. I therefore abridge from Dr. Manning's admirable volume, "The Land of the Pharaohs," the following account of Nubia and Abu-Simbel:

The general aspect of Nubian scenery is similar to that of Egypt, but with some marked differences. The Nile flows on through a valley with mountain ranges on either hand. Its banks, fertilized by the river, are of a rich emerald green. Beyond this narrow strip of verdure all is bare rock and barren sand. The population is scanty. The soil indeed is wonderfully productive, but there is very little of it. The cottages are often mere walls of baked mud, covered with thatch, with only a single chamber in each. Some of the sheikhs' houses, however, are very picturesque, and are built in the curious fashion which we have seen in Upper Egypt. The upper parts are ornamented with bands of plaster cornices, and rows of earthen pots are let into the walls, to serve as pigeon-houses. (See page 322.)

The landscape has been gradually becoming more tropical in character, so that we actually enter the tropics a little way above Philæ without being conscious of any marked change. Fields of maize, millet, cotton and sugar-cane line the banks, and produce three harvests in the year. The men have either gone down into Egypt, or are working on the banks of the river, or are gossiping under the pleasant shade of the palms. The old women are at home minding the babies, or grinding corn, or baking bread. The young girls are busy in the fields picking cotton, or reaping, or sowing the seed for the next harvest. It is at the wayside well that the life of the people may be best seen.

Though Nubia did not form part of Egypt proper, yet, at the present day it more closely resembles the Egypt of the Pharaohs than does the region of the Lower Nile. Cut off from the rest of the world by the cataract on the north, and by the desert on the east and west, its manners and customs have remained almost unchanged. Faces are depicted on the monuments, which might pass for portraits of those whom we see around us. The contour of the features is precisely the same. The likeness is rendered more obvious by a similarity in the mode of dressing the hair, which is arranged in small corkscrew curls, kept close to the head by saturation with castor-oil. The necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets are the same as those worn three or four thousand years ago. In any Nubian hut, wooden pillows or headrests may be found whose form is absolutely undistinguishable from those which may be seen in the British Museum, brought there from Theban tombs. (See page 325.)

The temples of Nubia are even more numerous than those of Egypt. But being placed there by foreign rulers as trophies of their victories, they



PORTICO OF TEMPLE AT PHILÆ.

have little historic importance, and, except those of Abu-Simbel, present few remarkable features. That of Dandour is of the Roman period, and was founded in the reign of Augustus.

Sailing about 200 miles above Assouan, through ranges of desert hills, sloping down to green banks, studded with palm and mimosa, or standing cliff-like over the stream, we see before us the bold mass of rock upon which, as we approach it, colossal figures become visible. They are so vast that they look like some freak of nature rather than the work of puny man. It is Abu-Simbel—one of the temples of the great Rameses, and worthy of rank with the edifices of Thebes or Gizeh. Elsewhere, the great Egyptian builders had erected their edifices upon the surface of the earth. Here a mountain had been hollowed into shrines for the gods, and hewed into imperishable monuments, the glory of the Pharaohs.

The smaller of the two temples is cut into the rock to the depth of ninety feet. It was dedicated to Hathor. The facade, ninety feet in length, represents Rameses standing among the gods as though their equal in dignity and power. In the interior, the mild, gentle face of the goddess appears on the walls amongst her kindred deities, whilst the hero-king records his conquests of the world as far as it was then known.

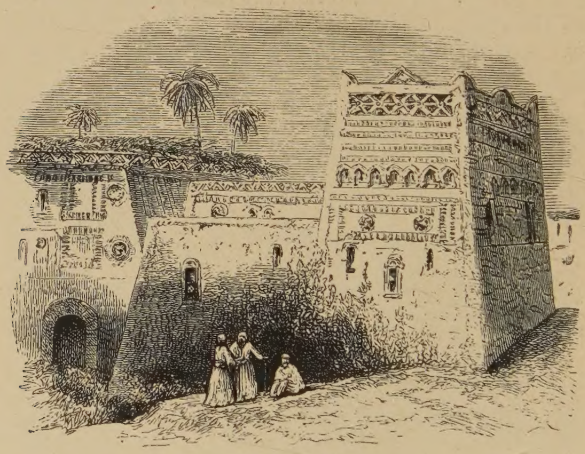
NUBIAN MUD HUTS.

Elsewhere this temple would rivet our attention upon itself ; here it is dwarfed almost into insignificance by its companion. Four granite warders hewn out of the living rock keep watch at its portals, seated in solemn majesty, as they have sat for nearly four thousand years. Figures fail to convey any adequate sense of their magnitude. Murray says : "Their total height is about sixty-six feet without the pedestal ; the ear measures three feet five inches ; from the inner side of elbow joint to the end of middle finger, fifteen feet. The total height of the facade of the temple is about one hundred feet." The lower part of the figures is buried in the sand, but they tower so high above the drifted mass, that it is a task of some labour to climb up into the lap of one of them. (See page 327.)

The beauty of the faces is even more remarkable than their enormous magnitude. Usually we associate a coarseness and rudeness of finish with great size in works of art ; but every visitor is struck by the delicacy and

expressiveness of the features. One writer speaks of "the sweet, sad smile of the placid, pensive face"; another is fascinated by "the expression, placid and cheerful, full of moral grace"; a third sees in them "a dignity and composure, a tranquil pity, a serene hopefulness more than human."

The mountain behind these gigantic figures is hollowed out to a depth of about two hundred feet. The excavations consist of a grand hall, with eight side chapels opening into it, a smaller hall with altar and figures in relief. The walls are covered with paintings and sculptures, and in the grand hall are eight colossal Osiride columns twenty feet in height; they are all exactly alike, with the same placid, solemn expression as those in the facade. Each is crowned with the serpent-crested pshent, and holds in its hands, which are crossed upon the breast, the crook and flail or scourge, emblems of divine power and judgment.



SHEIKH'S HOUSE.

The walls are glowing with colour, like the pages of an illuminated missal magnified a thousandfold. Their theme is everywhere the same—the glory of Rameses. We cannot fail, however, to be struck by the contrast between the tranquil, gentle face of the deified monarch, and the deeds of savage ferocity which are here ascribed to him. Long lines of captives are led bound before him on their way to execution. He himself is depicted as slaying them with pitiless cruelty. In one sculpture he is grasping by their hair a group of prisoners, representing the various nations, African and Asiatic, which he has conquered. With his uplifted sword he is about to decapitate them. The god, Amon, hands him a scimitar in token of his approval of the deed. (See page 332.)

The entrance to the temple is so small that only a feeble ray of light can penetrate, leaving the halls in utter darkness. But there are certain seasons of the year at which the light of the rising sun or moon falls full into the vast area. Then for a few minutes a beam of light streams through the narrow portal, penetrates the great hall and finds its way into the very adytum, illuminating as with magical effect the figures there. This innermost shrine was dedicated to the sun and moon, whose symbols are over

the altar. We may, therefore, conjecture that the internal arrangements of the temple were originally planned so that on the great festivals this impressive spectacle might be witnessed.

Miss Edwards gives the following vivid description of this shrine, shown on page 330:

"It is a wonderful place to be alone in—a place in which the very darkness and silence are old, and in which time himself seems to have fallen

NUBIAN WOMAN.

asleep. Wandering to and fro among these sculptured halls, like a shade among shadows, one seems to have left the world behind; to have done with the teachings of the present; to belong one's self to the past. The very gods assert their ancient influence over those who question them in solitude. Seen in the fast-deepening gloom of evening, they look instinct with supernatural life. There were times when I should scarcely have been surprised to hear them speak—to see them rise from their painted thrones and come down from the walls. There were times when I felt I believed in them.

"Seen in the dim light—shadowy, mournful, majestic, they look as if they

remembered the past. The inscription over the smaller temple is exceedingly interesting, 'Rameses, the strong in truth, the beloved of men,' says the outer legend, 'made this divine abode for his royal wife, Nefertari, whom he loves.' In every pillar, in every act of worship, continues Miss Edwards, we find the names of Rameses and Nefertari 'coupled and inseparable.' Even in these barren solitudes there is wafted to us a breath from the shores of old romance. We feel that love once passed that way, and that the ground is still hallowed where he trod."

At Abu-Simbel, resumes Dr. Manning, our Egyptian tour terminates. As we revisit the monuments of the most gigantic system of idolatry which the world has ever seen, the contrast between bygone glory and present degradation is forced upon us. It is impossible to forget that, when Egypt was at the summit of its pride and power, its impending doom was again and again foretold by Hebrew prophets. When Thebes was in her glory, and her subsequent conquerors were only wild hordes of the desert, Joel began the warning: "Egypt shall be a desolation, and Edom shall be a desolate wilderness, for the violence against the children of Judah, because they have shed innocent blood in their land."—Joel ii. 19.

A hundred years later Isaiah renewed the burden: "The Egyptians will I give over into the hands of a cruel lord; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts. The counsel of the wise counsellors of Pharaoh is become brutish; how say ye unto Pharaoh, I am the son of the wise, the son of ancient kings!"—Isaiah xix. 4, 11.

The doom was again denounced by Ezekiel, when the destroyer was nearer at hand: "I am against thee, Pharaoh, King of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of the rivers, which hath said, my river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. And all the inhabitants of Egypt shall know that I am the Lord, because they have been a staff of reed to the house of Israel. And the sword shall come upon Egypt, and great pain shall be in Ethiopia when the slain shall fall in Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down. And they shall know that I am the Lord, when I have set fire in Egypt, and when all her helpers shall be destroyed. Thus saith the Lord God: I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt; and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt, and I will make Pathros desolate, and will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No. And I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt; and I will cut off the multitude of No. And I will set fire in Egypt: Sin shall have great pain, and No shall be rent asunder, and Noph shall have distresses daily. The young men of Aven and of Pi-Beseth shall fall by the sword: and these cities shall go into captivity. At Tehaphnehes also the day shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt: and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity. Thus will I execute judgment in Egypt: and they shall know that I am the Lord."—Ezekiel xxix. 3, 6; xxx. 4, 8, 13-19.

Blended with these denunciations of impending ruin are the promises of a bright and glorious future. As we trace the exact and literal fulfilment

of the one, we gain new confidence in the full and final accomplishment of the other. "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt: and they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord and perform it. And the Lord shall smite Egypt: He shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them and shall heal them.'"—Isaiah xix. 19–22.

EGYPTIAN GIRL, FROM TOMB-PAINTING.

To those who have had the pleasure of beholding the magnificent cataracts of the St. Lawrence and Niagara, the so-called cataract of the Nile dwindles into insignificance. Indeed, it is nothing more than a pretty strong rapid. Even good-sized dahabeiahs can be hauled up by the aid of scores of half-naked Arabs or Nubians, who, with much shouting and violent gestures, by main force drag the vessel into the quiet waters of the stream above the cataract.

After visiting Philæ, we re-embarked in our native boat, and sailing through shining reaches of the river, landed just above the cataract. We were met by a white-robed venerable Arab sheikh, who forthwith began to drive a bargain for exhibiting the feats of his followers in running the rapids. A score or more of half-naked men and boys swarmed around us, trying to sell "antikas," and to make private contracts for special gifts of backsheesh. We went to the edge of the cliff overlooking the rapid current far below, and presently came in view of an amphibious group of aforesaid men and boys seated on round logs of palm, careering down the stream, paddling with either hand, and shooting the rapids with arrowy speed. "These logs," says a recent traveller, "are the public ferry-boats of the locality, and when a pedestrian reaches the river bank and wishes to cross over, he soon divests himself of his garments, rolls them into a bundle, which he ties above his head, and thus launches out on a log, '*ripæ ulterioris amore*,' and strange, indeed, is the top-heavy

WOODEN PILLOW.

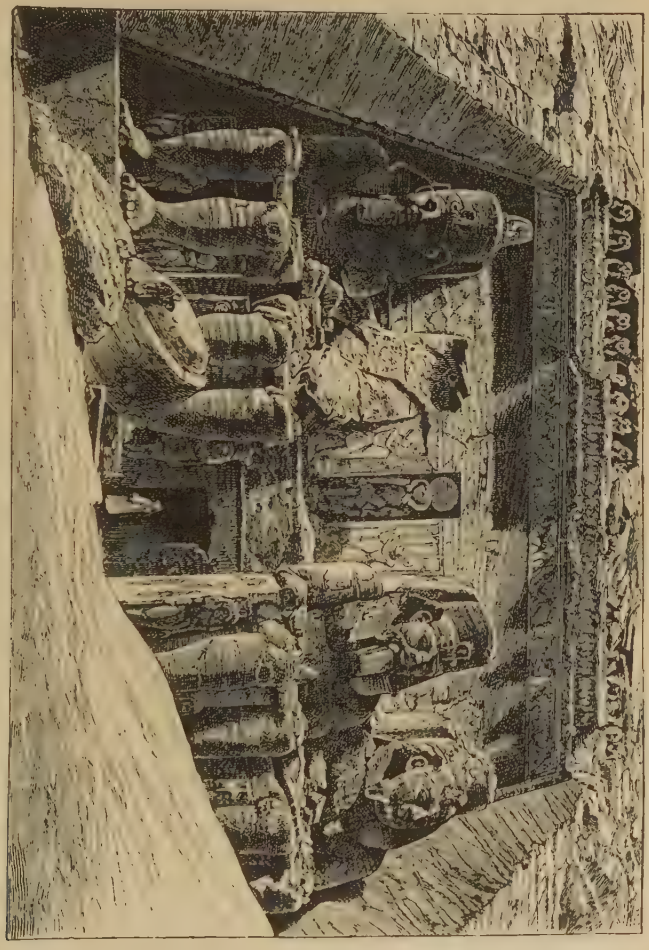
figure he presents. The descent of the rapids is not usually more than six or seven feet."

Under British administration the development of Egypt has been very remarkable. We made the acquaintance on the steamer of several British officers who had been through the Soudanese war, and who gave us very vivid accounts of the tragic scenes of that campaign. One of these gentlemen had gone up the river with a

TEMPLE OF DANDOUR.

party of thirty-four comrades, of whom only thirteen survived to return. The Mahdist rebels, some of whom were expert marksmen, would pick them off from the shore, concealed behind trees or rocks. For General Gordon these officers had no words but of enthusiastic admiration, and of poignant regret for his tragic fate. Even the natives, they said, regarded him with the most profound reverence, akin to that which they felt for the prophet Mahomet himself.

Our sail down the river was a continual delight. This mighty stream grew more and more upon our imagination. We were haunted with memories of its mysterious past, and realized, more than ever, that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile." The swarming fellucas, freight boats, and dahabeiahs, made its surface alive with



FAÇADE OF GREAT TEMPLE AT ABU-SIMBEL. (See page 321.)

their graceful white sails. We sat long in the purple twilight and beneath the soft shadow of darkness, breathing the exhilarating air and dreaming of that dim old past. The step pyramid of Meydoum glowed in the western sun, like some great Norman keep; and the wedge-like forms of Cheops and Cephrenes, and their fellows, sat upon their ancient thrones like a mighty brotherhood of immemorial Titans.

Then the swarming, buzzing hive of Cairo, with its thousands of minarets, drew near. Our faithful guide, Mahomet Ali, was waiting for us, and we felt again at home in this city of the Caliphs.

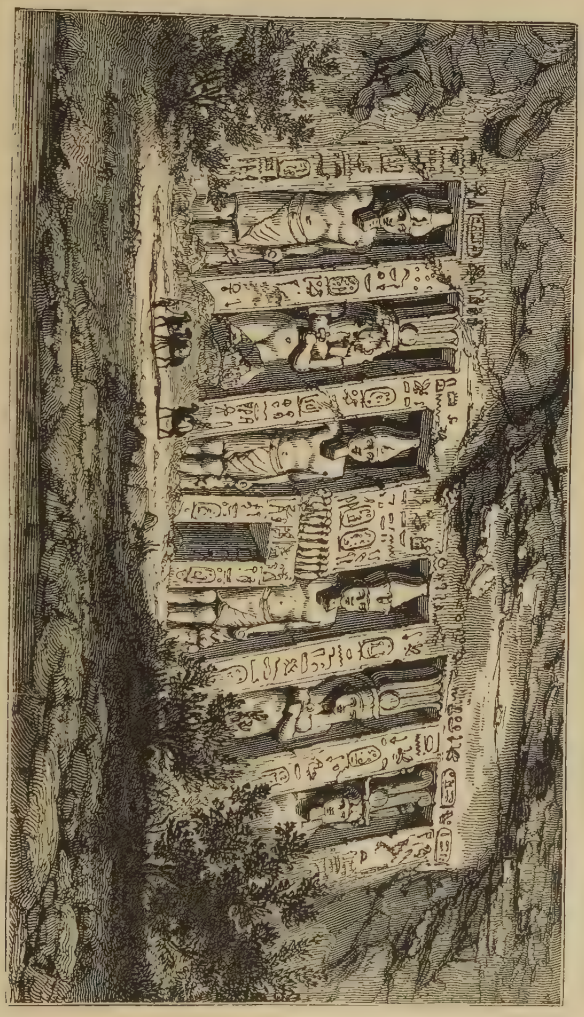
The few days left us were busily employed. We visited once more the wonderful museum, in which are gathered all the spoils of four thousand years, from the whole land of Egypt. With more intelligent interest we could study their history and enjoy the advantage of the skilful guidance of Dr. Demetrius Mosconas, the Greek Egyptologist, who threw a world of light upon these memorials of a banished past. We found that the commissioners of the Chicago World's Fair, with characteristic audacity, had endeavoured to create a "corner in Pharaohs," by buying up the mummies of these old sovereigns of Egypt. The idea, of course, was scouted by the Government; but permission was given to make accurate copies in wax. This was being done under the direction of Dr. Mosconas, and visitors to the World's Fair will have the privilege of seeing the exact fac-similes of Rameses the Great, his father, Seti, Rameses III., and many more of the ancient Lords of Cush.

I was introduced by the Dr. to the "sister-in-law of Solomon," the sister of that same Egyptian princess whom the wise King of Israel was foolish enough to marry—wise, except when his heart was beguiled by the multitude of his foreign wives. The most conspicuous feature about the lady was her extremely dark complexion, and her tremendous wig of false hair.

Among the most interesting finds in the tombs have been children's dolls and toys, an example of which is shown herewith, jointed figures somewhat like a jumping-jack. A sort of toy crocodile that can move its jaws has also been found, and balls in leather and porcelain, and dolls painted in brilliant colours. There are numerous pictures also of ball playing, sand-bag exercise, playing checkers and the like. Some of the statues have a strangely realistic look, from a kind of milky quartz inserted for the eye with a piece of rock crystal for the pupil, which gives a singularly sparkling appearance.

The Museum of Gizeh, says Mr. Weyman, contains an immense variety of objects of the period which closed in the eighth century before Christ. Though modern compared with the earliest relics, they are far older than any of the remains which Rome or Greece has to offer. Yet what most forcibly strikes the visitor is their modernness. There is a chair at Gizeh, of which the frame-work is made of wood, and the seat work of rushes, which so much resembles the chairs of our time, that it would attract no notice if placed in a London drawing-room. Yet it was placed in a tomb probably used when Rameses was king, or probably when the Israelites were in Goshen.

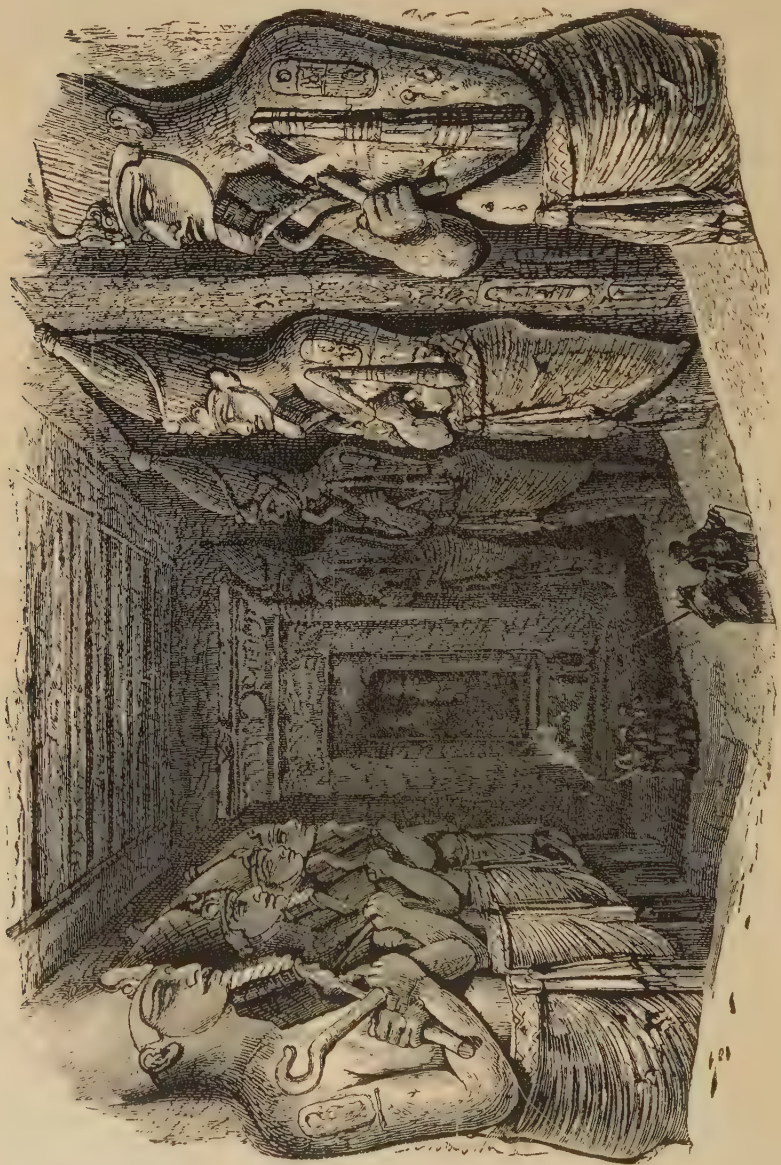
There is a queen's jewellery, which a lady might wear to-day without exciting remark, and embroidery and crewil work, and mechanical toys—even jointed dolls and pottery figures, closely resembling those with which our children play. We know the tastes of the people; what food they preferred; what flowers they loved. The tender buds which were laid on the



FAÇADE OF SMALLER TEMPLE AT ABU-SIMBEL. (*See page 321.*)

lifeless breast of Pharaoh, are here. Here is Pharaoh himself, Rameses II. and Tothmes the Conqueror, long conquered by death, and other Pharaohs whose names are less familiar to us. The mighty are indeed fallen. The face, which was once the face of a god, conquering good and evil, is shrunken and dead. The hands that governed Egypt are wasted and nerveless. The curious bend over him and gaze into the sightless sockets,

and murmur over the silent lips. How strange it seems ; how incredible almost, that here, separated from us only by a piece of glass, we have the mortal visage and frame of the man who tasked Israel beyond bearing; who



INTERIOR OF GREAT TEMPLE OF ABU-SIMBEL. *(See pages 322–3.)*

saw Moses, and lived and ruled, and died before David was born, or Judah was a people, and from whose thin lips came the cruel order that every male child of the Hebrews should be destroyed. *(See page 334.)*

The features of Seti, even in decay, suggest that the man was kingly, that he was not lacking in grandeur or nobility. The face of Rameses, on the other hand, is that of an arrogant, narrow-minded sovereign, obstinate, supercilious, inhuman in his pride. Tothmes III., the most warlike and powerful of all the sovereigns of Egypt, has features small, almost puny, and his frame is that of a boy. Of all the men who lie in that upper chamber at Gizeh, he is the last we would select, were we searching for the Egyptian Alexander.

In the same room is a plain, unvarnished figure, three or four feet high, commonly called "The Village Chief." It is a speaking portrait, a model object. Bull-headed, obstinate, yet honest and good-natured, we have the man before us. Were we to meet him in Oxford Street we would recognize him. Yet this is old as the pyramid of Cheops, old as the fortieth century before Christ.

I must not omit to mention the very interesting visit which we made to the Gamil-Azhar, or great Mahometan University. It has been used for this purpose for over nine hundred years, and is thus probably the oldest, as it is the largest, university in the world. It has an attendance of from ten to twelve thousand students, who are taught by about three hundred professors. The course of instruction, however, is extremely meagre, consisting chiefly of comments on the Koran, and some principles of religious and secular law, logic, poetry and rhetoric.

It was a curious sight. The great "Sanctuary," or hall of instruction, is a large area of about three thousand five hundred square yards, with a low ceiling, resting on three hundred and eighty columns of granite and marble, all of ancient origin. On mats on the floor around these columns were numerous groups of students in long gowns and turbans, crouching cross-legged before a sheikh or professor, who sat in front of one of the columns, repeating in a loud voice his comments on the Koran.

Some of these students were quite young, and many were from remote parts of the Moslem world—North and East Africa, Turkey, Arabia, and even India. They remain from three to six years, and become fanatical propagandists and missionaries of the Moslem faith. They pay no fees; their food is supplied by the revenues of the Mosque, and they sleep on mats in the large chambers of this vast structure. Some lay around fast asleep at mid-day, others were diligently counting their beads, swaying backwards and forwards, and repeating in a monotonous voice the prayers of the Koran. Others were being taught to read from letters painted on plates of tin. They are exceedingly fanatical, and we are instructed to avoid comment, or gesture of amusement, lest it should provoke their hostility. There is a special class of blind students, who are often the most vindictive and fanatical of their sect.

It was a pleasant surprise to meet here the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, Toronto, with a party of friends. I remarked that in two respects, at least, this institution surpassed that of which he has charge—in its antiquity, and number of students. But I presume the good Doctor thought that the age of a pernicious institution adds no venerableness; and that the quality, rather than the number of students, is the true criterion of merit.

As an offset to this ancient propaganda of the Moslem faith, it is pleasant to turn to the institutions for the diffusion of Christianity. I visited, with great interest, the Christian school, estab-

RAMESES SLAYING A GROUP OF AFRICAN AND ASIATIC CAPTIVES.

lished over thirty years ago, by Miss Whately, daughter of Archbishop Whately. The large, cool and well-equipped school-rooms and parlours, the beautiful garden, and the bright, intelligent look of the Egyptian girls, moving gracefully about with large, white, diaphanous veils over their faces, formed a very interesting spectacle.

The American Presbyterians have ninety mission stations between Alexandria and Assouan. The congregations number nearly five thousand persons, and the Sunday-schools about as many more. Several of these we visited, and received a cordial welcome. Eighty of these schools are supported by the free-will offerings of the native congregations. There are two hundred and fifty Sunday-school teachers, and fifteen colporteurs, who

travel hundreds of miles up and down the Nile. A mission boat, the *Ibis*, is maintained by a Mahometan gentleman, who married a graduate of one of these schools. In Cairo alone the mission congregations embrace about four thousand regular hearers, and in Cairo and the Delta the church membership reaches about three thousand two hundred, an increase in 1890 of seventeen and a half per cent.

Under the enlightened administration of Sir Evelyn Baring, the twelve secular government schools, with two thousand pupils, of 1887, had increased, in three years, to forty-seven, with an attendance of over seven thousand. I visited several of these secular, and several of the mission schools, and was much pleased with the bright, intelligent faces and respectful demeanour of the scholars. They all rose, on my entry, and made a respectful salutation. The teachers seemed quite glad to have a visitor, and put their scholars through their paces in excellent style. They read in Arabic, and in many cases in English and French, the latter performance in a very measured style, as if there was a very big hyphen between the words. We found these schools as far up the Nile as Assouan, under the very Tropic of Cancer, and were impressed with the conviction that they were among the brightest auguries of the future of this land.

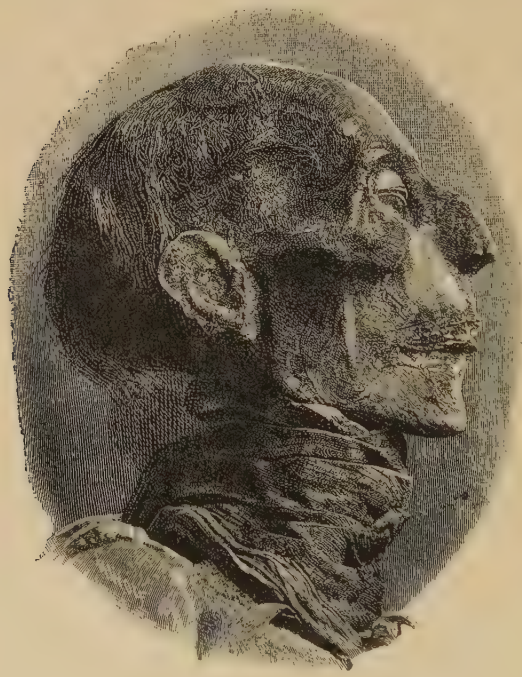
EGYPTIAN JOINTED DOLL.

It was with regret that we found that the time had come for our departure from this city of old renown and of such living interest. Our faithful Mahomet accompanied us to the railway station, and presented us with copious supplies of fruit and flowers, which we reciprocated with appropriate backsheesh. We caught our last glimpse of the slender minarets, on the citadel hill, and of the more remote pyramids, and set out on our journey across the fertile land of Goshen. Not far from the railway is the ruined site, still known as Tel-el-Yehudiyeh, "the Hill of the Jews." In this spot, Onia, the High Priest of the Jews, aided by Ptolemy Philometer, erected a temple for his countrymen, in fulfilment, as he alleged, of the prophecy in Isaiah, "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." Every vestige of this temple, which was built after the model of the temple of Solomon, was lost till 1871, when Brugsch found, under the rubbish massive structures of oriental alabaster, attributed to the Jewish architects.

The train approaches the fresh-water canal, probably constructed by the early Pharaohs, and certainly in existence fourteen cen-

turies before Christ. It afterwards fell into decay, but has been again used as a water supply, since the construction of the Suez Canal. The names Zakazik and Tel-el-Kebir recall some of the most strenuous battles of the late British campaign of Egypt.

The sites of several of the cities of Goshen, mentioned in Numbers, Rameses, Succoth, Etham and Pihahiroth, etc., have been identified through the excavations of Drs. Flinders Petrie, and others. Much of the country, however, has a sterile and half-desert character, suitable for pasture at certain seasons only. The railway skirts the edge of the desert. On one side there stretches a beautiful green tract of country, and on the other, a vast, barren waste of undulating sand. Tel-el-Kebir, scene of the defeat of Arabi, is claimed as the ancient Pithom of the Bible. Of pathetic interest is the cemetery, with its tasteful monuments to the noble British soldiers who fell here in memorable battle.



THE PROFILE OF RAMESES II.

In a ruined mound near here, Lepsius found many bricks of the Nile mud, still containing a mixture of chopped straw, which may probably have been made by the oppressed Israelites. Stupendous as are the colossal statues of Rameses in Upper Egypt, Mr. Petrie found at Tanis-Zoan in the Delta the fragments of one very much larger. It was 92 feet high from top to toe, or 125 feet high including pedestal, and weighed 1,200 tons. This was the largest colossus known to history. How this enormous mass was brought from Assouan, 800 miles away, carved into shape and erected on its site is difficult to conceive.

Soon we catch a glimpse of blue water, in strong contrast with the yellow sand, the Lake of Timsah, and soon reach the town of

Ismailia, on its shores. This town rose like an exhilaration from the desert, with the opening of the Suez Canal—hotels, gardens and villas, with ambitious squares and streets. It now has an air of dilapidation. Here we took passage on the tiny steamer for the sail to Port Said. It was so crowded with tourists that there was hardly room to move on its narrow decks. The sail through the canal is extremely monotonous. In one place at the height of land, fifty-two feet above the sea, a cutting, eighty-two feet deep, had to be made, and over eighteen million cubic yards to be removed, by the labours of twenty thousand fellaheen. There is not much to be seen except high banks of yellow sand, with here and there a glimpse of the desert. We passed numerous dredges of enormous size, with iron spouts, about two hundred and thirty feet long, by which the excavated sand is conveyed far beyond the raised bank of the canal. I was surprised not to see more shipping. We only passed, in the whole afternoon, some half dozen steamers, huge hulks, forging slowly along; but it looked rather odd to see, around a bend in the canal, their red funnels and lofty masts sailing apparently through the desert.

THE HEAD OF SETI I.

It was dusk when we reached Port Said, a small, busy, but very wicked town, with a strange mingling of the East and West, and with a polyglot population of the many races of the Levant. It was full of tourists, waiting for steamers for Jaffa, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brindisi and other ports.

A conspicuous feature of the harbour is the enormous concrete piers, running out into deep water, one a mile, and the other a mile and a half. These were made by huge blocks of concrete, weighing twenty tons each, manufactured of seven parts of desert sand and one part of hydraulic lime. Of these, twenty-five thousand were required. A lighthouse, one hundred and sixty-four feet high, one of the largest in the world, rises here. Its electric lights are visible twenty-four miles distant.

Next morning, a few hours thoroughly exhausted the sights of the town, with its squalid Arab quarter, and its wooden, brick and stucco, shabby-genteel buildings, conspicuous among which are the consulates of every maritime nation. In the afternoon, we went on board the Austrian Lloyds steamer, and as we leaned over the taff-rail the low coast of Egypt became a dim line, and soon sank beneath the horizon.

THE LAST SUPPER.

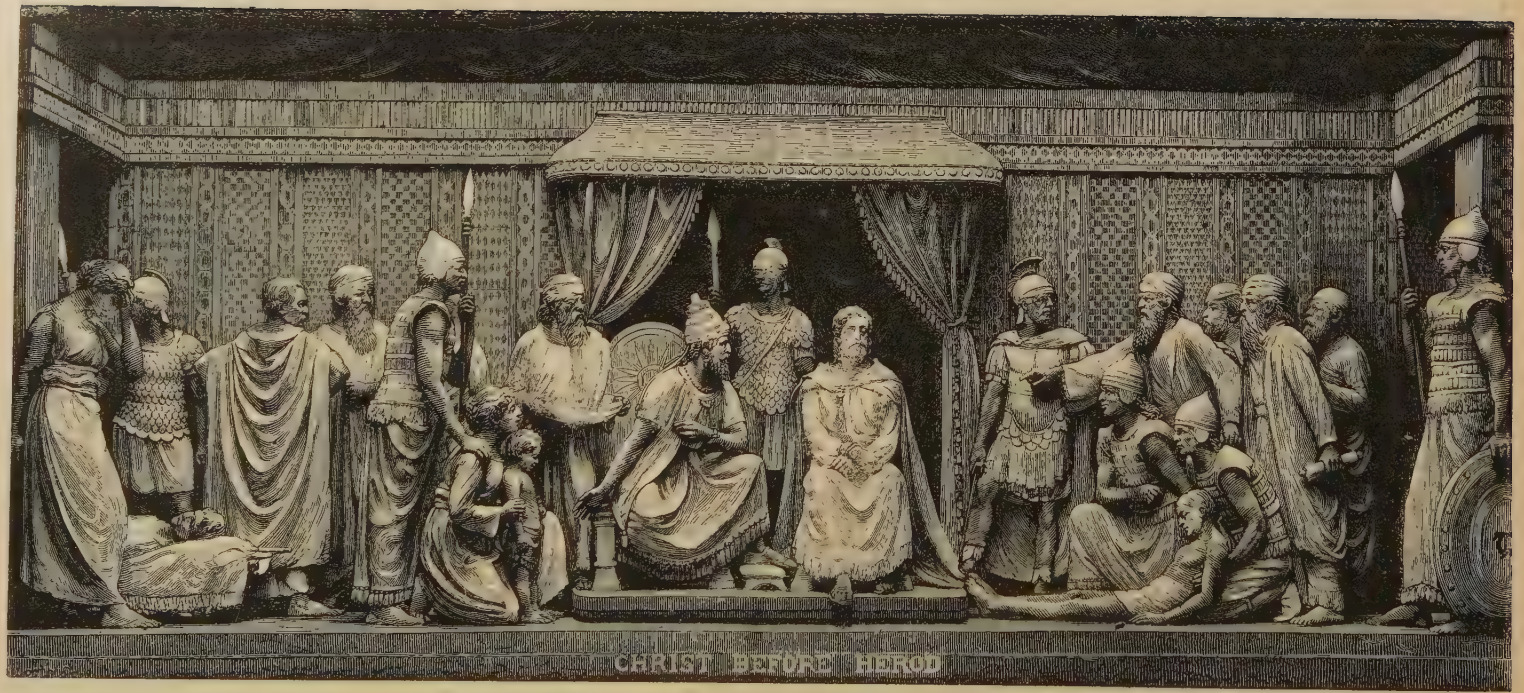
GEORGE TINWORTH AND HIS WORK.

"To have become a distinguished artist without ceasing to be an artisan is a proud attainment indeed. Thirty years ago, or less, the thing would hardly have been possible; and its practicability at the present time is honourable to the age, not less than to the man, for it shows a return to nobler ideas of labour than those which universally obtained during the longer part of the nineteenth century."

The man of whom this was written is George Tinworth, and it is of his lowly origin, his early struggles, his adoption of an art-career, and of his ultimate recognition, as the most interesting figure in the world of modern art, that we wish to speak somewhat briefly in this paper.

George Tinworth was born on the 5th of November, 1843, in South London. He was the child of parents from whom, at first sight, nothing in the way of artistic proclivity could be expected. His father was a master wheelwright in a very small way of business. Mrs. Tinworth was a member of one of the smaller Nonconformist bodies, among which the study of the Bible is considered not only a duty but a delight. Tinworth grew up, therefore, in a Biblical atmosphere; the Scriptures were read to him and by him, from cover to cover, over and over, until they sank into his blood, and became part of his very nature. For the religious lines upon which his talent has developed, his mother must be considered wholly responsible. To this day the Bible remains the only book which he reads without indifference. His early experiences of life were harsh but salutary. Poverty pinched the household closely, and all through, like a jarring string in an instrument, there went the fear and horror of the head of the house who was addicted to drink. Through it all, too, went the harmonious faith of the mother, her Puritan ideal of the personal "walk with God," and the constant voluntary exercises of prayer and "expounding of the Word."

Meanwhile, this child in a dingy little Walworth shop was inspired, as spontaneously as though he had been the primitive first artist, with a craving for plastic expression of his ideas. His first attempts were made when he was a very little boy, and consisted of objects drawn upon transparent slates. A little later he began to colour engravings. At last he took to cutting butter-stamps out of wood, and even to carving timid little wooden figures. All this time he was completely ignorant of even the simple processes which are taught to children, and his father used to


CHRIST BEFORE HEROD

severely reprimand him for "wasting his time." At a very early age he had begun to work at his father's trade, and to help him in the shop. In 1861, he first heard that there was such a thing in Lambeth as a school of fine art. He persuaded a comrade of his to go with him to see what it was like. Peeping in, they saw such a blaze of light, and such a number of respectably-dressed persons, that their courage failed them and they fled. However, the scene presented itself to the young man's memory again and again, and he could not keep away. The comrades arrived a second night, and this time Tinworth climbed on the shoulders of his friend, and took a long look through the window. It happened to be a modelling class, and the room was not nearly full. The young fellows began to think that they might venture in, and yet they hardly dared to do so. Tinworth was putting his ear to the door, when his comrade suddenly gave him a push and precipitated him into the presence of Mr. Sparkes, who happened to be going out.

The boy was far too much frightened to say anything; but he held up a little head of Handel, in the round, copied from a small model, and knocked out of a lump of sandstone by means of a hammer and chisel. After glancing at it, and securing a reputation for boundless sagacity by knowing for whom it was meant, Mr. Sparkes took the youth by the arm, and said, "Come in and see what we're doing!" To discover that his native talent was extraordinary was the matter of a single evening, and Tinworth at once took his place as one of the most interesting students in the Lambeth Schools.

Here he worked away for many years, slowly acquiring the principles of the art of modelling, reaching the school at the end of a fatiguing day, and so much brightening up under the excitement of study, as hardly to be persuaded to go home when the class was over. The home-life was now growing harsher than ever; and the father resisted with all his might these attempts of the son to educate his hand and eye. If the mother had not shielded him, and if the father's habits had not made it easy to evade detection, Tinworth could hardly have supported existence. In one of his humorous bits of realism, he has shown us himself as a boy of fifteen, furtively carving a head with a hammer and chisel in the little wheelwright's shop, with a boy on the watch at the door, ready to give him the signal when his father should be seen turning the corner after his mid-day visit to the public-house.

Meanwhile, the young sculptor was learning all that he could at the evening classes. He gained prize after prize in the schools. He and another young man, who has attained distinction since

Mr. Martin, the potter, could with difficulty be prevailed upon to leave at nights when the visits of the inspector were imminent, and would sit up working all night through. In 1864, Tinworth was admitted to the Schools of the Royal Academy, and his career as a student was sound and rapid.

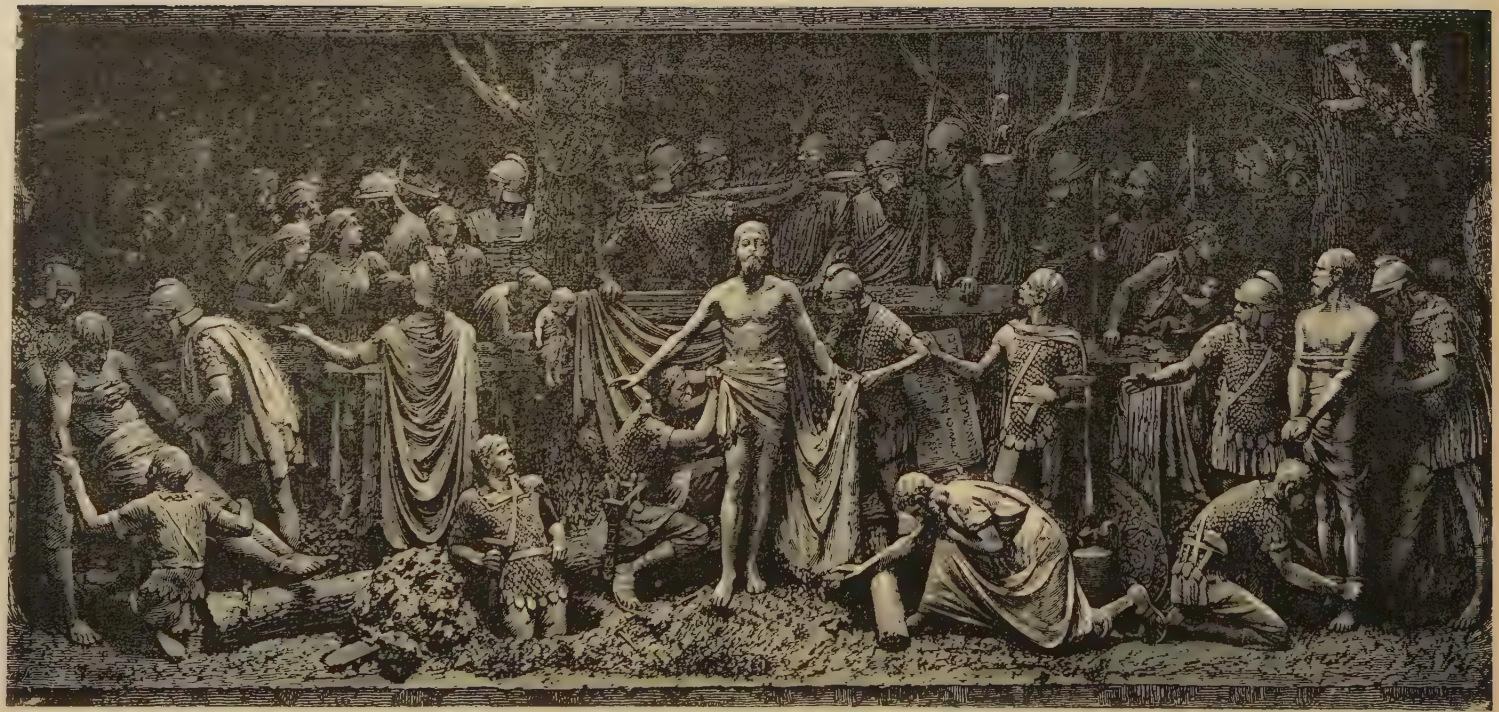
In 1866, at the age of twenty-three, he became for the first time an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He sent a work which had no sort of connection with his academic studies, but was the first expression of his peculiar realism. It was a group of four or five small figures in plaster, and he named it "Peace and Wrath in Low Life." The scene was taken from his own doors; it was a page from the gutter-life at Hope Street, Walworth.

Soon after this the elder Mr. Tinworth died. Before this event his opposition to the son's development had broken down before so many prizes and medals, and had melted into gratified vanity. Yet it had not occurred to him or to anyone that the son's singular gifts could be utilized in any practical way. Twenty years ago the great revival of artistic manufactures in England had scarcely begun; it was the darkest hour that comes before the dawn.

The Paris Exhibition of 1867 was a turning point in British industries. The Messrs. Doulton began, very timidly and tentatively, to ornament their rude pottery. It was found that thirty shillings a week was all that Tinworth was making as a wheelwright, and Mr. Doulton at once agreed to give him at least as much as that to begin with. He took up his work at the great pottery, and there he continued over twenty years.

The first artistic productions which Mr. Tinworth carried out were some colossal medallions, copied with extraordinary spirit from ancient Greek and Sicilian coins, and executed in terra cotta. One of these, that of Hercules wearing the lion's head as a hood, was the occasion of Mr. Ruskin's first encouragement of the young artist, whom he afterwards did so much to bring before the public.

In 1870, the art pottery, as it is now understood, began to be a staple at Lambeth, and from that time forward Mr. Tinworth's hands were always full of congenial work, and he found by degrees the work which he was really fitted to produce. His early panels are rather sketches than performances. It was about 1874 that his sculpture began to be mature. In that year he exhibited three large terra cotta panels at the Royal Academy, the "Gethsemane," the "Foot of the Cross," and the "Descent from the Cross." To the Royal Academy of 1875 Mr. Tinworth sent eight small panels in terra cotta. They elicited the warm praises of the *Times'* critic, and of Mr. Ruskin.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

This was followed by a commission from the late Dean of York for the new reredos in York Minster. The fire and energy which the sculptor displayed in this panel were admirable. He afterwards executed twenty-eight semicircular panels for the Royal Military Chapel. The subjects ranged over a wide field of Biblical story, commencing with the "Adam and Eve," and concluding with the New Testament history and parables.

In 1878 there was sent to the Paris Exhibition, the famous Doulton-ware fountain, one of the most popular of Mr. Tinworth's productions as a decorative potter. The subjects, with but one exception, are all Biblical, and were chosen on account of their connection with water. Here at the base is Jonah cast ashore by the whale, higher up may be seen Samson after the tremendous slaughter of the Philistines quenching his thirst, from the jawbone of an ass, then there are Moses at the Well, the Miracle at Cana, the Pool of Bethesda, the Baptism of our Saviour, the Woman of Samaria, Naaman washing in the Jordan, and so on. Especially naïve is the group of "Elijah fed by the Ravens," where in a little side panel Mr. Tinworth drolly suggests that the ravens obtained the food from King Ahab's own table.

In 1880 and 1881 Mr. Tinworth exhibited at the Royal Academy compositions on a much larger scale than he had attempted before, the "Going to Calvary" and the "Entry into Jerusalem." The "Entry into Jerusalem" is a crowded panel full of life and bustle. Christ is seated on the ass's colt, riding slowly among the enthusiastic disciples. All around are onlookers of all nationalities; and several incidents having reference to the main theme are shown as transpiring in the crowd. An escaping lamb, a hen and chickens, a man carrying a basket of doves for the Passover, Zaccheus and Lazarus, a thief stealing a purse, Judas secretly receiving the betrayal money—all these show, not only the fertility of Mr. Tinworth's invention, but his extraordinary gift of combining in one consistent whole a multitude of suggestive details that would embarrass most sculptors.

"The Release of Barabbas" is a kind of triptych. The architectural accessories are much more fully worked out than is usual with Mr. Tinworth. In the centre is Pilate washing his hands and attempting thereby to rid his soul of the guilt of that judicial murder, which "not all the rain in the sweet heavens, no, nor in the mighty deep," can wash away. To his left appears the coarse and brutal robber, Barabbas, receiving the congratulations of the rude soldiers, and to the right the meek Christ endures their gibes and scoffs. Mr. Ruskin speaks of this as follows:

"After all the labours of past art on the life of Christ, here is an English

HIM, COMING TO HIM, AND OFFERING HIM VINEGAR,
THE COAT
FOR MY VESTURE
FILLED A SPUNGE
BEHOLD THY SON!
THEY DID CAST LOTS
WITH VINEGAR

workman, fastening with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews and their rulers in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released and the man condemned, clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of universal suffrage."

Still continuing his labours, Mr. Tinworth has since produced a series of works of which little more than the titles can here be given.

"The Last Supper," a large panel for Walsham-le-Willows Church in Suffolk. "Touch Me Not," a panel of triangular form for representing the risen Saviour appearing to Mary, who is about to prostrate herself at His feet; in the background is the sepulchre, from which the stone has been rolled away. "Salome Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist"—a vigorous composition, full of vivid actuality and character. "David before Saul."—the action of Saul, who has just thrown the javelin at the young minstrel, is wonderfully energetic. "Jesus in the House of Lazarus." "The Three Children in the Fiery Furnace." Its exhaustive invention and wealth of ingenuity are astonishing," says the *Saturday Review*. "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (also known as "Children have ye any Meat?")—a vigorously modelled group of our Saviour appearing to the disciples on the shores of Tiberias.

The picture of "The Last Supper," while it will not compare with Leonardo De Vinci's wonderful group, is still profoundly impressive. It is at the moment when our Lord utters the words, "One of you shall betray Me, and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began, every one of them, to say unto Him, 'Lord, is it I?'" The eager remonstrance is well shown in the action of the figures. The gentle heart of John cannot endure the thought and hides his face on his Lord's shoulder while Judas clutches his bag and seems to meditate his deed of arch-treachery.

The bas-relief of the Crucifixion is one of tragic pathos. On either side are bound malefactors in the hands of the rude soldiery, in the rear the weeping women are gazing with tearful sympathy on our Lord, while one holds her presumably sick child as if asking his touch of healing. The soldier in the rear is forcing back the tumultuous mob. The divine dignity of the meek sufferer is conspicuous, even at this hour of doom.

Mr. Tinworth's whole energies have been concentrated upon an enormous piece of sculpture, in which he has at last carried out a long-contemplated, long-cherished idea of working out *life-size* one of his smaller panels. The one chosen for this experiment is entitled "Christ before Herod," a panel which is full of incident

and dramatic power. It is an illustration of what, according to the sculptor's idea, might have occurred when the Saviour was led before Herod; the king would perhaps send out his soldiers to bring in sick persons that Jesus might be asked to show His power by healing their diseases. On either side are seen the sick or dead persons with their attendants. The courtiers and soldiers look eagerly on but the meek Christ declines to give the sign demanded by Herod. The panel measures twenty-three feet in length by nearly nine feet high, and is perhaps, as regards size, the most ambitious production in terra cotta of modern times.

Messrs. Doulton & Co. have executed a reredos pulpit and font for the English Church of St. Alban at Copenhagen.

The subjects for the reredos are—"The Ascension of Our Lord," "The Betrayal by Judas," "The Appearing to Thomas." And for the font—"The Finding of Moses," "Samuel Brought to Eli," "The Finding of Jesus in the Temple," "Jesus Blessing Little Children." In the intervals of his more serious labours, Mr. Tinworth finds vent for his humour and ingenuity in the production of numerous ideas for decoration, grotesque groups, vases, pedestals and so on. For the 1884 Exhibition of Inventions and Music, he modelled a highly comical set of Mice Musicians—little figures of mice gravely blowing into huge trumpets, or playing stringed instruments. A complete set of Mice Chess pieces, a set of Æsop's Fables, illustrated by groups of birds, frogs, and other animals, travesties of popular amusements, such as a frog astride a bicycle, a party of frogs driving to Epsom, frog cricketers and canoeists, a boatload of mice entitled "Cockneys at Brighton," a menagerie of frogs and mice, frogs and mice pulling against each other in a "Tug of War"—these and many other little groups are interesting as showing Mr. Tinworth's versatility.

EASTER LILIES.

Not as we bring our garlands to a tomb,
To breathe heart fragrance o'er a lost one's rest,
Bring we this wreath of sweetness and of bloom
To crown this day, of all our days the best.

But as if love and gratitude and prayer,
Lying in grave dark that enwrapped His face,
Had seen His smile break forth with wondrous grace
And sudden blossomed into beauty there.

As if along the way that felt His tread
Life burst from death and flowers from the sod;
So new life springs to meet the heart of God,
In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.

—*M. L. Dickinson.*

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE MISSION FIELD.

*MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.**

BY MRS. J. H. M'MECHAN.

MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON.

"Ye, who the Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare,
Think not of rest; tho' dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call."

—*Keble.*

UNDER the conventional title of "Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands," Mrs. Pitman has laid us under obligation for a series of missionary biographies both graphic and thrilling. While touching specially the woman's side of the work, much valuable

* *Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands.* By MRS. E. R. PITMAN, author of "Vestina's Martyrdom," etc., etc. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 2 Paternoster Row. Toronto: James Robertson.

information of a social and historical character is conveyed with striking fidelity, and in such attractive form that the general reader, though possibly not an enthusiast in missions, will not weary over this little volume. Beside the pathos and tragedy of such a life as Mrs. Judson's, fiction appears weak and commonplace.

Miss Hasseltine's girlhood was passed in the town of Bradford, Mass., where she received her education. At the academy she was remarkable for her keen intellect, restless spirit and great perseverance. Her teachers and associates predicted for her a career of no ordinary character, which after events fully realized.

At the age of seventeen she was impressed with the necessity of living a "new life," and by a variety of experiences was led to Christ. While engaged in teaching, the "Life of David Brainerd" was thrown in her way, and the influence of this book marked an epoch in her life. The event which finally determined her future was her marriage with Mr. Judson. He was a theological student at Andover, and had in his turn been drawn to mission work by reading Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East." In September, 1811, the American Board decided to establish a mission in Burmah, and appointed Messrs. Judson, Nott, Newell and Hall as their first agents. Immediately Mr. Judson offered himself to Miss Hasseltine, and, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, she accepted the position of being the wife of a missionary, and the first American woman to engage in Foreign Mission work.

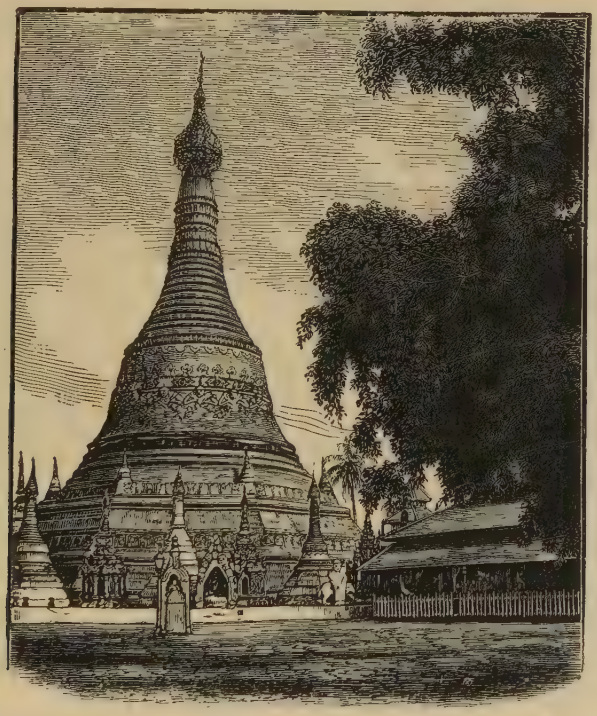
Writing of her decision, Miss Hasseltine says: "Might I but be the means of converting a single soul, it would be worth spending all my days to accomplish. God is my witness that I have not dared to decline this offer, though so many are ready to call it 'a wild, romantic undertaking.' Yes, I am quite willing to give up temporal comforts and live a life of hardship and trial if it be the will of God."

They were married on the 5th of February, 1812, and on the 19th, Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their young wives, sailed for Calcutta. Four long weary months were consumed in the voyage, but at length they reached their destination and were welcomed by the venerable Dr. Carey, who invited them to remain in the mission compound at Serampore until their companions should arrive and their future movements be decided.

They had only been there about ten days when Messrs. Judson and Newell were summoned to Calcutta and ordered to leave India immediately and return to America, the East Indian Company showing no toleration to missionaries at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed for the Isle of France, where Mrs.

Newell died before any work had been begun. Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained quietly in Calcutta awaiting events.

During their voyage out, and while in the company of the Serampore missionaries, Mr. Judson and his wife were led to change their views in relation to baptism. Having come to a decision, they took the painful step of leaving the communion of the American Congregational Church and joining the Baptists. While their connection with the American Board was severed, at the same time it was obviously impossible for them to remain

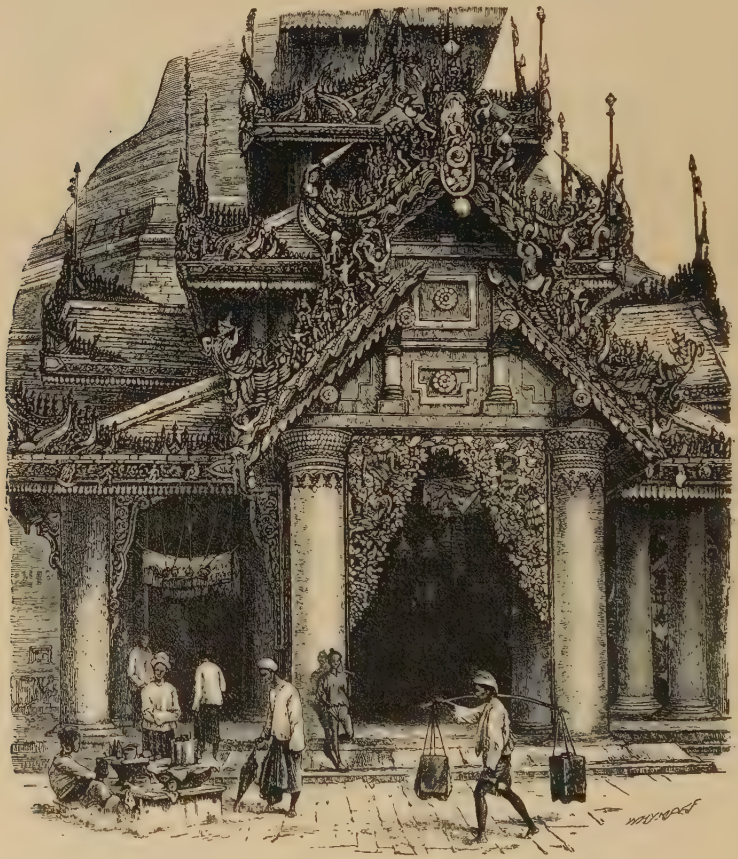


GREAT PAGODA AT RANGOON, BURMAH.

with the Serampore colony; all that was certain was the fact that they must leave India or be shipped thence by force.

Then arose the difficulty of getting any sea captain to take them on board without a "pass." Finally this was obtained and they sailed for the Mauritius, arriving only to find Mrs. Newell dead and Mr. Newell lonely and disheartened. Under such circumstances, the news from Philadelphia that the Baptist Convention had appointed them as their missionaries with permission to select their own field, lifted a load of anxiety from their minds, as their position and support were now assured.

They returned to Madras awaiting guidance, their thoughts turning towards work among the Malays. No vessel could be secured for the Malacca coast, but one was about to sail for Rangoon, in Burmah, and in this they took passage, and after a tedious voyage they reached the scene of their future labour. The Serampore missionaries had attempted a mission once, but



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE, RANGOON, BURMAH.

had failed to make much impression on the natives. The only two of the band who still remained were Mr. and Mrs. Felix Carey, who welcomed the weary travellers to their little home on the outskirts of the city. Mrs. Judson began at once to study the language and to mingle freely with the natives. The language itself was called the "Round O" language, and contained some syllables coinciding with the dialect of the Chinese.

Mrs. Judson's cheerful disposition may be gathered from the following extract from a letter:—

"As it respects our temporal privations, use has made them familiar and easy to be borne. They are of short duration, and when brought into competition with the worth of immortal souls, sink into nothing. We have no society, no dear Christian friends, and, with the exception of two or three sea captains who now and then call upon us, we never see a European face."

Seed Sowing.

Six months' residence and study in Burmah told upon Mrs. Judson's health to such an extent that she was obliged to repair

ONE OF THE GATES OF THE CITY OF MANDALAY, BURMAH.

for three months to Madras for medical treatment. She returned to Burmah much benefited. Soon cheering signs appeared in connection with their work. The Burmese listened to the two pale-faced foreigners, and began to realize that the religion of Jesus was different from the religion of Buddha.

About this time the American Baptist Society sent out Mr. and Mrs. Hough. As Mr. Hough was a practical printer, his coming was most timely, as he brought with him types and a printing press as a present from the Serampore missionaries. Mr. Judson lost no time in having two tracts printed and circulated, as most of the natives could read and entertained a great reverence for the written doctrine.

In December, 1817, Mr. Judson's health gave way, and he was obliged to take a sea voyage. The vessel was driven from her course, and as he was unable to communicate with his wife for six months, she had to endure the agony of uncertainty. A tyrannical official now ruled in place of the friendly viceroy, and Mr. Hough, the missionary printer, was summoned before the court. His examination was conducted with such studied insult that it was evident mischief was intended, and to complicate matters Mr. Hough had but scant command of the language. Mrs. Judson's teacher drew up a petition which, like Esther of old, she tremblingly presented and secured the release of Mr. Hough. No tidings of Mr. Judson had yet arrived, and Mr. Hough was anxious for Mrs. Judson to return with him to Bengal. Mrs. Judson had so far yielded as to go on ship board, but at the last moment returned to the mission. She says of her determination: "I know I am surrounded by dangers on every hand, and expect to see much anxiety and distress, but at present I am tranquil and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly, and leave the result to God."

How the brave, lonely wife rejoiced when, a few days after, Mr. Judson unexpectedly reached home, and soon after a reinforcement of two new missionaries arrived. A preaching place was secured and public worship in the Burmese language begun. On the 27th of June, 1819, they had the great joy of baptizing their first convert; soon after, two others also.

In the Shadow.

The unfriendliness of those in authority increased till it seemed useless to persevere in missionary labour. Messrs. Judson and Colman made a visit to the capital to endeavour to win over the king. In this they were unsuccessful, and returned to Rangoon discouraged and sorrowful; the converts, however, stood firm and unmoved in prospect of persecution. Soon the harvest for which they had waited so long and faithfully began to appear. Another convert was baptized, and several native women professed faith in Christ.

Again Mrs. Judson's health broke down, and she and her husband were obliged to go for a time to Bengal. On their return they were received with great friendliness, even by the wife of the viceroy. The little church had existed among enemies unmolested, and best of all none of the converts had dishonoured their profession during their absence.

The life of Mr. and Mrs. Judson at this time was filled with anxious care. Cholera and fever were prevalent, and Mrs. Judson's health was being surely undermined, so that it became painfully

evident that she must leave Burmah or die. She again sailed for Bengal *en route* for England and the United States. After spending some weeks among friends in England and Scotland, she proceeded to New York, and her impaired health made it necessary for her to go to Baltimore instead of her native New England. She was cheered during her illness by reports of accessions to their little Burmese church; nearly all the little band of native women whom she had been teaching had been baptized.

Increased interest in the Burmese Mission was aroused by her visit to America, and as a result the Board appointed Mr. and Mrs. Wade to accompany her on her future journey which she was urgently anxious to undertake.

Dark Days.

During Mrs. Judson's absence serious complications had arisen endangering the safety of the mission. The difficulties and hardships she had hitherto experienced were light compared to what awaited her. The new viceroy was opposed to Christianity, and the prospect of war between England and Burmah hung like a cloud over them and threatened at no distant date to involve the mission in ruin. Already Mr. Judson was making preparation to go to Ava, the "Golden City," whither he had been ordered, and immediately on Mrs. Judson's arrival they started up the Irrawaddy. The journey was accomplished in a small open boat, but as the season was cool it was a pleasant experience. Crowds of natives gathered on the river banks to gaze at "the white woman from over the water."

The hot season was just commencing when they arrived at Ava, and their little frame house was almost unbearable with the thermometer at 108° in the shade, and before night it was heated like an oven; they nevertheless gathered the natives around them for worship every evening, and Mrs. Judson's thankful spirit rose above discouragements. She says: "We feel it an inestimable privilege that we have the language and are able constantly to communicate truth which can save the soul."

In May, 1824, an army of 10,000 English and East Indian troops arrived at Rangoon, and then the tide of war rolled on to Ava. The situation of the missionaries became a matter of intense solicitude to their friends in America. Nothing having been heard from them for two years, their nearest friends gave them up for dead.

We transpose Mrs. Judson's account of their sufferings during this terrible time:—

"Into our compound one day rushed an officer, holding a black book,

with a dozen Burmese, accompanied by *one*, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be the executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the Emperor,' said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced a small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' '*Take her too*,' said the officer, '*she also is a foreigner.*' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected; the servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master, and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted-face to

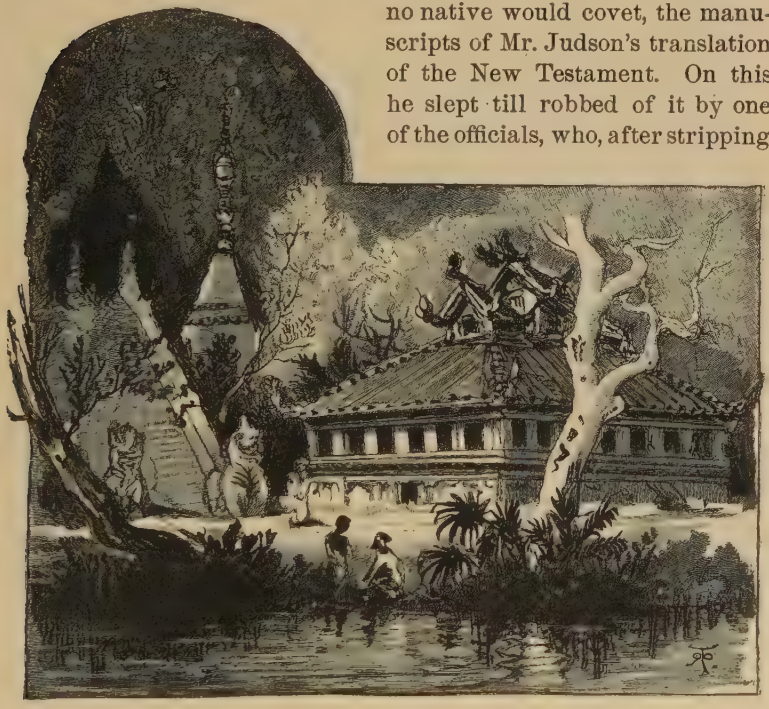
MOULMEIN, BURMAH.

take the silver, and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, and make some attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson, but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration."

Early next morning, after a night of terror, she sent Moung Ing to discover where Mr. Judson was confined and to give him food, as it was considered a superfluous duty to feed the prisoners of war. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price, the medical missionary, were found in the death prison, fettered and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. Being a prisoner herself (the mission house being closely guarded) she could do nothing for their release. At last, on paying $100 to the head officer, she was granted one

short interview with her husband. But when Mr. Judson crawled to the prison door to give direction which might lead to his release, the jailers roughly compelled her to leave with threats of personal violence.

The officers proceeded to confiscate their household goods, but Mrs. Judson had taken the precaution to secrete as much silver as possible, knowing that if the war lasted long the missionaries would be reduced to starvation. She had also stitched up in a shabby pillow, which she thought no native would covet, the manuscripts of Mr. Judson's translation of the New Testament. On this he slept till robbed of it by one of the officials, who, after stripping



ENTRANCE TO SACRED CAVES, MOULMEIN, BURMAH.

off the cover, threw it away because it was so hard. One of the converts picked it up and afterwards restored the precious manuscript to Mrs. Judson intact.

For seven months Mrs. Judson made almost daily journeys to the prison, till her strength and her means were alike nearly exhausted. The extortions and oppressions they had to bear were brutal, and the awful uncertainty of their fate overpowering.

To add to the difficulties of the lonely woman's situation a little daughter was born, which, as often as she could, she took with her to the death prison to bring some ray of pleasure to the

prisoner's heart. Fever attacked Mr. Judson, and, as a special favour, his wife was permitted to erect a small bamboo house in the governor's enclosure opposite the prison gate and to remove her husband into it. She writes with touching pathos: "I now feel happy indeed, although the little bamboo hovel is so low that neither of us can stand upright."

While still ill with fever, Mr. Judson and the other white prisoners were driven on foot to Amarapura, a distance of eight or ten miles. This march under the burning sun was so dreadful that one of the number, a Greek, dropped dead. Mrs. Judson with difficulty discovered where the prisoners had been sent, and, nothing daunted, followed with her infant in her arms accompanied by two little Burmese girls and a Bengalee cook. She found Mr. Judson and his companions chained in couples and almost dead from fever, exhaustion and want. They were confined in an old building without a roof, in which it was intended to burn them alive, but owing to the death of the officer charged with that duty, the plan was not carried out.

Expecting to procure food at the market, she had taken nothing with her, and on arriving at dark, worn out with fatigue, she was obliged to lie down on a mat spread over some sacks of grain. In a filthy little hovel belonging to the jailer, she spent six months of wretchedness. To add to her sorrow, the little Burmese girls took the smallpox, and shortly after the infant sickened with it, although Mrs. Judson had vaccinated it as best she could with an old darning-needle. She was obliged to return to Ava for medicines, and this journey, together with the exhaustion, anxiety and hardships of her life, induced malignant fever. The Bengalee cook was most faithful, serving both master and mistress in their sore extremity night and day. Sometimes the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to come out of prison for a few hours to nurse his wife and sick babe.

At length Mr. Judson was released and ordered to the Burmese camp to act as interpreter in the negotiations being carried on with Sir Arch. Campbell for peace. The English army advanced upon Ava, and, in order to save the city, the King agreed to pay one million sterling and to release all foreign prisoners.

During the negotiations for peace, Mrs. Judson was so ill with spotted fever that the Burmese who watched by her side said "she is dead." She however rallied, but it was more than a month before she could stand.

Upon their arrival at the English camp, Mrs. Judson says: "Sir Archibald took us to his own table and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as a stranger. No persons on

earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. We were out of the power of the Burmese and once more under English protection. 'What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits?'"

Rest.

"For toil comes rest for exile Home."

In May, 1826, the Judsons removed to Amherst, a new city under English protection. Four of the mission converts with

ON THE IRRAWADDY, BURMAH.

their families had already settled there beside many Burmese, so that there was every prospect of a new and more successful period of service, but Mrs. Judson's work was almost done. In July, her husband was summoned to assist in negotiating a secondary treaty between the English and Burmese which should secure toleration for Christianity. This was the final parting between husband and wife. Before his return she was again the victim of fever. The terrible suffering she had endured at Ava made her an easy prey, and though surrounded by kindness and unremitting attention, her strength rapidly declined. One day she moaned out, "The teacher is long in coming; I must die alone and leave my little one; tell the teacher that the disease was most violent and that I could not write; tell him how I suffered and

died; tell him all that you see, and take care of the babe till he returns." On October 24th, 1826, that tender, brave soul exchanged suffering for glory.

> "To rest forever after earthly strife
> In the calm light of everlasting life."

She was buried at Amherst with civil and military honours, Mr. Judson returning too late to see even her lifeless frame. Six months later the babe followed her mother, and was laid by her side. For more than sixty years that lonely grave at Amherst has been eloquent with the echo of our Saviour's last command, "Go ye," and multitudes of consecrated workers have been raised up to carry on the work, dropped from her hands and left as a legacy to the Christian church. To-day her life still bears fruit, and the Baptist Mission in Burmah will be one of the brightest jewels in the many crowns that shall deck His brow, whose right it is to reign from the river even to the ends of the earth.

Brave heart, farewell! The tears of a grateful Church still fall in memory of thy loving service, and thy sweet example shall still inspire the toilers who, with lamps trimmed and burning, wait for the coming of Christ's Kingdom.

London, Ont.

Note.—Several of the engravings which accompany this article illustrate the prodigal expenditure of the heathen upon their temples. The gilt crown alone, of the huge bell-shaped pagoda, on page 341, which rises as high as St. Paul's cathedral, cost no less than £30,000 sterling. The elaborate and costly carving at the entrance to one of the pagodas is shown more fully on page 350. The cities of Mandalay and Moulmein will inspire imperishable interest as being the scenes of the sublime faith and heroic endurance of early missionaries in Burmah. The Bizarre architecture of the quaint gate of the former, and the picturesque approach to the latter, are well shown in two of our engravings. Near Moulmein are remarkable sacred caves, one of vast dimensions filled with sacred images. The grotesque figures at the entrance are well shown on page 355. The great Irrawaddy River, a glimpse of which is shown on page 357, over a thousand miles long, studded with great cities, and navigable for nearly its whole length, furnishes a great highway for the spread of the gospel in this dark land.—Ed.

Like Easter lilies, pure and white
Make Thou our hearts, O Lord of Light!
Like Easter lilies, let them be
Sweet chalices of love to Thee!

LONDON'S TRAGIC TOWER.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It was a bright, warm day in August that we found our way to the Tower of London. As we passed inside the grey walls of this wonderfully historic and famous pile of buildings, we could not but think of the many marvellous changes which have taken place since this gloomy old fortress, palace, and prison, lifted its massive and defiant form on the banks of the Thames, eight hundred years ago.

It was erected 1079–80 by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, by command of William the Conqueror, and is regarded as a magnificent specimen of the Norman architecture, which largely prevailed in those far-off and rugged times. It is doubtful if this hoary structure, for thrilling incident, and chronicles of pathetic and dramatic story, can be equalled by any other in the world. Through those very gateways, which admit the curious and pleasure-seeking multitudes of to-day, have passed processions of kingly splendour, which would bankrupt the most opulent phrase to describe. Almost within sight of these trailing glories of state, throngs of illustrious prisoners have been marched along to dungeon, to suffering, and to shameful, cruel death. Again

and again, royalty and grandeur have passed beneath those ominous portals to exchange the dreams of honour and glory and the festive brilliancy of courts, for the prison, the torture-room, and the fatal block and axe.

Within that space of some thirteen acres, which includes the principal and oldest tower, and eighteen smaller and more recent towers, what sights and sounds have been seen and heard for nearly eight long centuries! Here the kings of England found a refuge in the stormiest times, and though this ancient pile has felt its shock of all the most violent internal convulsions which have agitated the nation, and has had to hear the horrors of war as they have raged around its massive battlements, it still holds its own, and remains like some old unbeaten warrior to tell of deeds of mighty daring, of fallen heroes, of perished splendour, furious passion, and of darkness and death.

What strange contrasts are crowded upon your vision as you walk around this grim old fabric of eight hundred years! Here are crowns of priceless value, flashing with costliest diamonds and famous stones. Just a minute's walk and you look upon the executioner's block, with the headsman's axe and mask, the thumb screws, the collar, the bilboes and chains.

Here are rooms once filled with England's beauty, pride and glory, where revelry and mirth held high carnival from age to age; and *there* are the cells of gloom where distinguished prisoners pined in misery, in hunger and rags, and where sufferings, too terrible to relate, were endured before the hour of doom arrived. Shouts of pleasure, in her wild delirium of delight, rang through those spacious halls, and cries of deadliest pain, and muffled moans of broken, bleeding hearts, crept slowly up from the prison cells below.

In one part of this historic tower, eyes long ago flashed until they were ablaze with some momentary victory, and faces crimsoned until they were red with some passing glory; but alas! other eyes beneath the same roof were filled with scalding tears of bitterest woe, and other faces which had basked in the sunshine of royal favour, now grew pale at the swift approach of a cruel and tragic end!

The inscriptions carved, or scratched, by the doomed prisoners, on the walls of their dungeons, "rudely written, but each letter full of hope, and yet of heart-break," still remain to tell a story of pathetic tenderness, and of a sorrow too deep for words.

But the spot in all this space, where pomp and tragedy have so often met, and which most can move and thrill the soul, is the little chapel of St. Peter. The deep interest attaching to this

sanctuary arises, not so much from its antiquity, as from the fact that from within its walls lie mouldering the remains of an illustrious company, who fell from the lofty pinnacles of worldly power and wide-spread fame, to fates full of ghastly suffering and cruel wrong.

"There is no sadder spot on earth," says Macaulay, "than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men, who have been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." The memorial tablet at the entrance contains the names of thirty-four persons of historical note, who, after life's fitful, stormy day, were laid to rest in this chapel. Nearly the whole of this long list of distinguished individuals, including the two queens, Annie Boleyn, and Catherine Howard, with Lady Jane Grey, perished by the headsman's axe

Time, however, has wrought wonders great and strange, and the angel of peace has hung her banner over all those scenes of blood. The noise and tumult of all that terrible strife has long since died away, and the wild agitation which shook the nation of those distant days are only memories.

This old Tower, like some huge whispering gallery, echoes the stormy chapters of that dark, tempestuous morning, out of which the broadening England of to-day was yet to come. The very place where stood the grim, wooden scaffold on Tower Hill, where so many eminent persons were beheaded, is now a garden; and nature from year to year throws her flowery coverlet over the once terrible and crimson spot.

It is well to keep before us the fact, that the freedom which blesses us to-day has not been achieved without a thousand conflicts with lawless forces; that British history has been swept, again and again, with fierce hurricanes of malignant passions, and upon the fields of the past have fallen the rain of tears and baptisms of blood. Hallam, speaking of London's far-famed Tower, says: "The dark and gloomy fabric seems to stand in these modern days like a captive tyrant reserved to grace the triumphs of a victorious republic, and should teach us to reflect in thankfulness how highly we have been elevated in virtue and happiness above our forefathers."

SACKVILLE, N. B.

GOD and His rest—Ah! sweet that rest will be,
After long weariness and sorrow here;
And sweet in the full light of love to see
This world's perplexities made plain and clear.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

A PLEA FOR TOLERATION.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL D.

Professor of Church History, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

TOLERATION! Toleration! Plausible and perplexing. Pirenical and ironical. Preaching peace and protecting license. No sooner does it pronounce the benediction. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," than by a strange irony vice claims its favour, and when opposed, raises the cry of intolerance. Is there a principle more difficult in application?

But someone says, surely nothing can be simpler than that men should be allowed to think as they like and announce what views they like. Exactly; but then every thought, to some extent, finds embodiment in action, and every action is an embodiment of a thought. Hence, the question after all really is, whether men are to be allowed to act as they like. How far are they to be controlled in their liberty of action, is the serious question. We may have looked into the dark abyss of the problem of the origin of sin, and have travailed with agony in thinking out the subject of retribution, and have gone in company with the Calvinist to the House of God, the Sanctuary of Divine Sovereignty, as the only place of solace amidst the mighty forces of evil surging about us. But in the case of these and similar mysteries, we have, to a great extent, to leave them in abeyance until the brighter day dawn and the fuller light shine.

But coming out of the theological study and mingling with men, we find questions of mutual relations and forbearance calling for immediate and definite treatment, and these questions are often the most difficult in practical life. For example, What are the rights of atheists? How far is a distinguished Baptist in Manitoba correct in recently pronouncing the phrase, "a Christian nation," most delusive and erroneous? In other words, how far has anyone the right to demand the elimination of the thought of God from our educational and political systems? Should a Jew be compelled to observe the Christian Sabbath and indirectly to violate the Jewish Sabbath? What are the rights of majorities in opposition to the religious convictions of minorities? Can the limitation of succession to the British throne to Protestants be defended? How far should the previous record of wrong-doing of a society, say, like the Order of Jesus, bar its right to incorporation? Should the law of blasphemy be invoked to silence such a man as Ingersoll? Can the Falk laws of Germany

be defended? Is it right for a Protestant—rather, for a change, we will ask, Is it right for a Romanist to sell property to be used for a Protestant church?

With most readers these questions are brushed aside as of little consequence, seeing that prejudice has summarily settled them. There is no doubt that in the future, as in the past, prejudice will be an important factor in settling all questions. But, after all, these are matters in which reason must be allowed calmly to assert its authority and direct our judgment. To this end, amid conflict of interest and collision of systems and opinions, a brief historical study of the subject before us may not be without some profit. Tracing through history the various phases of intolerance and the gratifying increase of toleration, we may, from the vantage ground we now occupy at the close of the nineteenth century, learn some lessons which may aid us in determining the obligations and limits of the principle of toleration.

History of Intolerance.

Heathenism in general, whether ancient or modern, has utterly failed to understand this question, but more through malice and ignorance than through any attempt at serious discussion. In some instances, the consideration of expediency has been taken into account, as, for example, when the persecutors of Socrates, like the murderers of our Lord, raised the charges of treason and introducing religious innovations as justifying their action. The fierce tyrants among the Cæsars affected to believe that Christianity, called by Suetonius "a new and mischievous superstition," was displeasing the gods and damaging the Empire. The same kind of opposition is sometimes met by modern missionaries. Julian, the apostate, with strange persistency in an evil purpose, ceased not his efforts to restore the old heathen religion and the old philosophy, because, with some show of reason, he was disgusted from his childhood with the factions into which the Church was rent.

In these exceptional cases, Christianity has been opposed, seemingly, on prudential grounds; but taking heathenism in general, in its malice and ignorance it rejects Christianity for the simple reason that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." To discuss logically the abstract principle of toleration with a fierce pagan warrior in Central Africa, would be about as sensible as to discuss it with an African lion. Tertullian surely stated the principle clearly and rationally enough, when in addressing the pro-Consul at Carthage, he said: *Humani juris et naturalis potestatis est unicuique quod putaverit colere;*

but the Imperial power of Rome failed to appreciate the simple grandeur of so reasonable a principle, and the deadly work of persecution continued.

Coming from heathenism to Christianity, we find the saddest records of cruelty and hatred under the guise of the Christian religion. In the name of reason and commonsense, why should this be? Is there any attempt at defence of these things? Let us see, and whatever defence there is, we will honestly recognize it. We review history here only with most painful regret, both because of the sad disclosures it reveals, and because of the eirenical purpose of this paper. By the edict of Milan, A.D. 313, Christianity secured Imperial protection and toleration. What then? Scarcely did Constantine issue this edict, more through zeal for the unity of his Empire than of the Church, than the Church at once proceeded to persecute as schismatics the unfortunate Donatists, a Puritan sect of North Africa. Even Augustine, the greatest of the Latin fathers, afterwards approved of their action, as necessary to the unity of the Church. We have thus a presage and example of the policy and doctrine of the mediæval church in its entire history. This, as Thomas Aquinas, more strongly than other theologians, has put it, is in brief: that error is poison; that dissemination of error is a crime, and that it is the function of the Church to hand over heretics and incorrigible schismatics to the civil power to be dealt with, and, if necessary, to be put to death as criminals. The Church is not the executioner. This inferior office belongs to the magistrate, to be performed at the command of the Church.

What fearful possibilities of evil lurk in such teachings! What fearful acts of monstrous cruelty have they caused! It is this terrible feature of Romanism which has made her the enemy of freedom, the patroness of intolerance, and murderer of tens of thousands of pure and noble men and women, and has led many historians and expositors to find in this system, the "mother of harlots" the Babylon of Apocalyptic vision. But our application of prophecy should not be too hasty, for the very evils and cruelties referred to may be found to some degree in other communions than the Latin Church. There is much force in the view of Prof. Milligan, of Aberdeen, in his very excellent commentary on the Apocalypse, that "Babylon represents, not pagan Rome nor papal Rome, but the principle of degenerate religion which allies itself with the world, and more than all else, brings dishonour upon the name and cause of Christ." Unfortunately, as we shall see, Protestantism, as well as Romanism, has sometimes thus proved itself to be the "mother of harlots."

Notwithstanding its errors, we regard Romanism as a branch of the Catholic Church, and her priests as Christian ministers. At the same time, what an example it affords of the blending of most sublime and most degrading elements!

Picture of Romanism.

It reeks with the pollutions of the Pornocracy (904-962), when harlots controlled the Pontificate and with mediæval vice illustrated in Benedict IX., of whom Alzog, a leading Roman Catholic historian has said, "For eleven years did this young profligate, aged 18, disgrace the chair of St. Peter," and yet it is ennobled by the saintly purity of Thomas à Kempis, Molinos, Madame Guyon, and of thousands of saints unknown and uncanonized. It does not hesitate, in 1870, to reaffirm the claims of Hildebrand of 1073, and to assert its right as a theocracy to control state, and school, and family, and yet it illustrates on every continent the most self-sacrificing charity and missionary zeal, of which Parkman's account of the Jesuits in Canada gives but a single example. It has introduced from the dogma of purgatory in the eighth century, to that of papal infallibility in the nineteenth, dozens of theological errors without foundation, as we believe, in either scripture or reason, and yet it has been the conservator of all the doctrines which we regard most vital in Protestantism, God, Revelation, Law, Sin, Atonement and Retribution. It commonly appears to Protestants as the religion of the ignorant, and yet it shows evidence of highest culture, and until the Reformation it was the exponent of the best forms of scholarship then known. It denies to the peasant the unspeakable consolation of reading the Word of God, and makes to him the crucifix more prominent than the Crucified, and yet how sublimely impressive its ritual, even to a Protestant, when, with unbiased mind, he is enchanted and overwhelmed by the stately dignity suggestive of strength, and massiveness, and grandeur illustrated in processions, and incense, and music, and the prostration of thousands of worshippers in devout adoration at the elevation of the host. It is humiliated and abandoned by its own children in Roman Catholic countries, and yet it advances without any compromise its utmost claims amid the liberties of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It stands now, on the threshold of the twentieth century, the representative of the Imperial Rome of Constantine, and yet striving to harmonize itself with the French and American Republics.

One cannot but be impressed with all that is grand and good about an institution so vast and venerable as the Latin Church,

while he must abhor all in it that is bad. The evils are largely to be traced to a departure from the simple principle of toleration. Putting down error with Imperial power, and drafting creeds with anathematizing clauses, these in the fourth century were the commencement of the persecutions and cruelties which have since disgraced the Church, and which are so alien to the simplicity, spirituality and charity of the religion of the Nazarene. In the sight of men, worldly splendour and arrogance have darkened the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. See what follows: Persecutions of Arians by the Orthodox, and of the Orthodox by the Arians; the murdering of thousands of Allighenses and Waldenses; the persistent cruelty of the Church in trying to stifle the Reformation; the dark history of the Inquisition, whose thousands of victims fill the centuries with their groans; the cruelties perpetrated upon the Huguenots, when in the revocation of the edict of Nantes, October 22, 1685, 800 Protestant churches were destroyed; peaceful and virtuous homes were ruthlessly invaded and desecrated by rough dragoons, and over 500,000 of the best and most orderly of citizens were banished to strange lands. "Thus France refused the Reformation, and received instead the Revolution."

Of all this intolerance, hundreds of intelligent Romanists are now ashamed, and yet, theoretically, the Church to this hour denies the principle of toleration. Gregory XVI., on August 15, 1832, condemned religious toleration as the most fruitful cause of evils with which the Church is at present afflicted. Pius IX., in his syllabus of 1864, condemns as erroneous the view, "That the State should not support the Catholic religion to the exclusion of all other modes of worship." Leo XIII., in 1885, said: "It is a crime to treat different kinds of religion in the same way." Such very recent utterances are akin to the Act *De haeretico comburendo*, which in 1441, in England, gave the Bishops authority to arrest, imprison and try heretical preachers and their supporters, and to hand them over to the sheriff to be burnt, and to the laws now in force in Austria and Spain, which practically prohibit any religion but Romanism. It denies, to what it pronounces error, any rights, for it plausibly declares that error can have no more rights than organized rebellion.

Such is Romanism in its historical and theological position, and yet in Protestant countries from this unworthy position it decidedly departs. It cannot share the benefits of Protestant freedom without mitigating the harshness of its intolerance. It is affected by its environment the same as any other religion. Hence, priests by the score, who are spiritual, devout and broad-minded, and Roman Catholic laymen by the thousand, gracing

the bench with perfect, judicial fairness, our legislatures with honourable impartiality, and various positions, professional and commercial, with examples of integrity begotten of Christian faith. This happy tendency grows, and it increases somewhat in proportion to the manifestation of kindly feeling and confidence on the part of Protestants. This means no weak-kneed compromise of truth, but is consonant with a respectful maintenance by Protestants of what is fair in the spirit of courtesy and charity. This tendency inspires hopes of a gradual change in the attitude of this, the largest and most ancient of the Christian churches, hopes which have been thus expressed by Bishop Goodsell in the *New York Methodist Review* for January, 1893.

A Methodist Bishop's Forecast.

"Rome by erecting an infallible Pope, prepared the agency by which her pretensions will yet be destroyed. I have no hope that she will ever be wholly reformed from without. The process will be this: Education, contact with other Christians, the death of superstition by science, the manifest Christian character and work of her 'separated brethren,' the concessions made by the central authority to national churches for the maintenance of her visible unity, nay, the Spirit of God Himself not wholly driven out or crushed out by uninspired additions to doctrine and order, will one day develop a pope who will be the Hildebrand of reform instead of reaction, and he, unhampered by councils which were dismissed forever by Pius IX. for a vastly different reason, will, *ex cathedra*, declare those reforms which will open the way for a re-united Christendom."

These are words as wonderfully significant as they are generous in spirit. This Methodist bishop does not fail to recognize the improvement going on about him, and to notice, among other things the element of nationalism already illustrated in Gallicanism, and now again illustrated, with the authority of the Pope, in the position of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland in the United States.

Protestant Intolerance.

Let us now look at the other side. We have seen Romanism bad enough in the past, but better far to-day, and with a promise of being better still in the future. We need to be reminded that Protestantism also has been intolerant, and it may be salutary to review history here a little. The same Reformers who claimed the right of protest against the Pope, with strange inconsistency refused the same right to Anabaptists and Unitarians. All through the seventeenth century, Protestants condemned toleration as a compromise of truth and a dangerous heresy. How cruel the treatment of Calvinists by Lutherans in Germany, and by high Anglicans in England and Scotland! How cruel the persecu-

tions by Calvinists of Arminians in Holland! How pathetic in this connection is the tale as told by Motley of the martyrdom of John of Barneveld! "Calvin, the severest, and Melancthon, the mildest among the Reformers, fully agreed in their view of the sentence which condemned Servetus to be burnt in Protestant Geneva." It is a Presbyterian, and one of the ablest of historians, Schaff, who makes this statement, and he candidly adds:

"Protestant persecution differs from papal persecution in extent and degree, but not in principle. It employed the milder punishments of fine, imprisonment and exile for the sword and the stake, though in not a few cases the death penalty was applied. The penal laws of Elizabeth and the Stuarts against Roman Catholics and Puritans are almost as severe as the Theodosian and Justinian codes against the ancient heretics. Even the history of America, in its colonial period, is darkened by several examples of persecuting intolerance in Massachusetts, Virginia and New York. All churches and sects, with very few exceptions, have persecuted to the extent of their opportunity and power, and all ought to confess and repent. Protestant persecution is even less excusable than Roman Catholic, because it is inconsistent with the first principle of the Reformation, which must stand or fall with liberty."

What terrible cruelties were inflicted upon Romanists by that vile old monster, Henry VIII. Let the case of the Christian martyr, Sir Thomas More, testify. By authority even of Edward VI., Joan of Kent and George Van Pare were burnt for heresy in Smithfield. The intolerance of Queen Elizabeth differed nothing, in spirit, from that of Queen Mary, though it did in extent; and Lord Bacon held that "no toleration could with safety be given to sectaries." See, *mirabile dictu!* the Puritans, during their ascendancy, driving 2,000 Anglican clergymen from their livings for non-submission; and Cromwell harrying most cruelly the unfortunate Irish. And see right out here in Canada, in this nineteenth century, that great monumental work, the Westminster Confession, except as revised in the United States, directing in C. xx, Par. 4, that "heretics shall be proceeded against by the power of the civil magistrate." How gloriously inconsistent are our Presbyterian brethren in this, as in several other matters in this great Confession.

Occasionally one may be found, however, who is uncompromising even here. Such was Rev. Dr. Kerr, in the last Pan-Presbyterian Council, in Toronto, where, in the very spirit of Torquemada, he said, if correctly reported, "Roman Catholics must be excluded from all political offices." To the honour of the Council, it showed but little sympathy with his bigotry. The assumptions of Anglicanism are still, in some localities, perpetually illustrated

in a petty way, in a spirit of intolerance, as irritating to other Christians as it is suicidal to itself, and so this hateful spirit is as universal as sin. Understanding the Baptists to be included historically in the Puritan party of the Commonwealth, it has been said that among all the great churches, Methodism is the only one not chargeable with persecution. Yet, with all its noble catholicity, we would not trust Methodism on this point had it existed 250 years ago, with the same relative strength it has to day.

Protestant Toleration.

But while Protestantism is under the same condemnation as the Latin Church, the fact must, in fairness, be noted, that to Protestantism belongs the credit of initiating the great movements of toleration which have brightened modern history. Concessions have been made by Roman Catholic countries, sometimes under constraint of revolution, and sometimes by eminent Roman Catholic statesmen, because of their high sense of honour and justice; but as yet, the Roman Catholic Church has not made, nor formally countenanced, any concessions in the way of toleration of those who will not submit to her authority.

The Diet of Spires, in 1526, made a large concession in adopting the peculiar principle, *cujus regio, ejus religio*. The Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, secured toleration for Romanists and Lutherans, and, with amazing condescension, for Calvinists as well The Code of the new German Empire, 1871, prohibits any civil disability resulting from religious differences. In American institutions no principle is more prominent than the one we are considering. Its Declaration of Independence starts out with the questionable intimation, "Forasmuch as God hath made all men free and equal." The temper of British legislation is rapidly becoming more and more tolerant. Even though our Anglo-Saxon liberty is abused, we can do no other than go right on in extending protection to all who are not compromised with crime. On this principle, Irish Catholic benevolent societies have been incorporated, though by many suspected to be centres of Fenianism. On this principle the Roman Catholic hierarchy was readmitted, though not without much noise and opposition, to England, in 1850, and to Scotland, in 1875. In the same spirit the Emancipation Act was passed in 1829, of which every Briton, unbiased by religious prejudice, now feels proud. We must remember, however, we cannot laud this Act one moment, and the next, with any consistency, proclaim our Protestant bigotry.

Lessons.

In conclusion, what lessons does our historical *resume* suggest?

1. Freedom of opinion is the birth-right of all. Men *will think* for themselves in spite of prohibitions, civil or ecclesiastical, and this is the simplest form of freedom. It suggests this important distinction: Freedom is a right given by nature; toleration is a favour granted by man. The incident comes freshly to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Stinson, many years ago protesting against Anglican assumptions, much more offensive then than now, and declaring, "Toleration! I protest against being tolerated. What right has any man to tolerate me? I demand freedom." The distinction is correct. At the same time, toleration within certain limits, is now regarded as an inalienable right.

2. Any society not objectionable on economic grounds has the right of legal recognition up to the point of an overt act of crime, or of an indecent disregard of religious sentiment.

3. We should respect the convictions of the minority up to the point of not violating the convictions of the majority. This correct principle is more easily stated than applied. The question arises, what about Spain? Here, the majority may say, it is against their convictions to permit a single Protestant church to exist. Justice and reason and hosts of intelligent Romanists, however, are ready to intervene, and demand the right of any society to exist until it can be shown to countenance crime. Happy is it in all such cases if mutual concessions can be made as locally in the case of the New Brunswick school system, or as in the case of the Separate schools, secured by compact between Ontario and Quebec at the time of Confederation.

4. In Christian countries, atheism, as a system, has, like vice, no rights; atheists, as individuals, have. These were grossly violated in the case of the attempts to force Bradlaugh to take an oath by the very God whose existence he denied. The performance was a gross injustice and a blasphemous farce.

5. A volume would be needed to harmonize, illustrate and apply the foregoing principles; but in conclusion, it may be stated that the best solvent of all difficulties and problems is in that matchless psalm of charity, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. While yet, under its influence, turning from this chapter to history, Romanism assumes a new appearance. In the nineteenth century, it is a very much better thing than in the fourteenth. It will be better still in the twentieth. The reign of law and love will be hastened just in proportion as men learn to know and love and trust each other, and to reach the high altitude of charity illus-

trated by Wesley in his entire career, and in his sermon on a catholic spirit, in which he said, "All the children of God should be united in love, notwithstanding their difference of opinion." How much superior is this to the spirit of Luther, who, impatient at what he regarded as a temporizing disposition on the part of Melancthon, said, "The Lord fill your heart, Philip, with a greater hatred of the Pope."

If we seek a *rapprochement* between Protestantism and Romanism, we know that Roman Catholic bigots will receive it with haughty derision, and Protestant bigots with indignation; but is it not most unfortunate that Protestant youths are taught to hate the Roman Catholic Church, and, with greater virulence, Romanists are taught to hate Protestantism? With one, to be an infidel is better than to be a Romanist; and with the other, to be a drunkard is not as bad as to be a Protestant. These are views actually held where we would expect more intelligence and toleration. Romanists and Protestants, socially, educationally and religiously —in all respects except commercially—live in different worlds. Blessed is that man who, in a broad-minded spirit, succeeds in drawing them together in a friendly Christian spirit.

If there are thousands of Christians in the Latin, Greek, Anglican, and other churches, whom we hope to meet in heaven, would it not be well, as we journey thither, to cultivate between us the spirit of charity inculcated by the divine Lord, whom we all devoutly worship? If we knew each other better, we would love each other more. Unity of organization may be desirable. It is evidently non-essential, else Romanists and Anglicans could not have done all the good they have accomplished. Unity of belief is impossible, but unity of sympathy is the highest ideal of charity. If we are in harmony with those who think as we, what do we more than others? Do not even the publicans the same? But to be kindly disposed toward those who conscientiously differ from us, this is the best guarantee of religious toleration.

CALVARY.

UNDER an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His every tread,
Cross-laden, on He sped,
For me.

Pierced glow His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
For me.

Thus wert Thou made all mine:
Lord, make me wholly Thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought, and word and deed
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee.

THE SPECTRE DORY.

A TALE OF THE GREAT BANKS.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

THE *Lively Nell* was lying at anchor on a famous fishing ground, on the Banks of Newfoundland, that great international "cod-meadow," where English, French and Americans vie with one another, in keen but fairly friendly rivalry, in luring from the blue depths the splendid fish that frequent them. She was a Newfoundland schooner was the *Nell;* you could tell that by her build and rig. She had not the beautiful lines and yacht-like look of a first-class Yankee, or even the clipper-build of the best of the Nova Scotian craft; yet there was a sweep of her lines as she sat on the water, which, to a practised eye, proclaimed the smart sailor, and a breadth of beam withal, which augured well for her carrying capacity and her stiffness in heavy weather. You could tell that she hailed from the west coast, too, for it is only on the west coast, and, indeed, in one particular port of the west coast, that bankers are kept, below and aloft, as trim as the *Lively Nell.*

It was a dreary evening in the beginning of October, one of those strange, gloomy evenings when the air seems heavy with impending trouble, and the mind is full of a vague apprehension that can neither be accounted for nor shaken off. A heavy fog lay all around, a dense, dripping fog clinging to mast and shroud, and hanging upon ship and sea with a dank and deathly pressure. Not a yard could one see in any direction; the thick wall of fog seemed to press close against the very eyes. Through the heavy air came, ever and anon, the low dull boom of the fog-horns of bankers, moored in the neighbourhood, a dismal sound indeed, and one that spoke of danger; for who could tell the moment some huge steamship, towering high above the fishing-craft, would loom with sudden nearness out of the enshrouding fog, and crash with awful and inevitable havoc upon some hapless hull?

Wilson Buffett, the skipper of the *Nell,* was pacing with nervous and uneasy rapidity up and down the schooner's deck, stopping every now and then to peer with anxious gaze out into the baffling mist, and to listen intently, with hand on ear, as if to catch some hoped-for sound.

A dozen men of the crew were standing on the bows of the vessel, also gazing earnestly into the fast-deepening twilight, and conversing together in low tones. No wonder that master

and men were uneasy and anxious, for one of the schooner's dories, or small, flat-bottomed boats, with her crew of two men, had not got back to the vessel. Hours before, in the early afternoon, she had started, with the other dories, to overhaul and rebait the trawls; and nothing had been seen or heard of her since, though the other six boats had returned long before. Evidently enough, she had lost her way in the dense fog, which had settled down with bewildering suddenness before she could have finished her work of overhauling her trawl, which was set, as it happened, further from the schooner than any of the others.

The skipper walked forward to where the men were standing, his face showing plainly enough his uneasiness and anxiety.

"No use, boys," he said, sadly, "not a bit of use listening or watching out any longer; they'd ha' bin here two hours ago if something hadn't happened. They've missed the schooner in the fog, poor fellows. 'Tis goin' to be a ter'ble ugly night, too, an' I'm afraid they'll hardly weather it unless they've got on board some other schooner. There's the chance of it, anyway, there was two or three crafts in sight this morning, but 'tis a bad job, I'm afraid."

"They must ha' lost their bearin's when the wind chopped round so sudden, skipper," remarked one of the men; "there's one thing, they're stout-hearted chaps."

"Yes, they're stout-hearted enough, poor fellows, for all the good that'll do them. And they've got a good dory under them, and good oars. Was the sealed can of provisions aboard her, and the water, does anyone know? and the compass?"

"You may depend that's all right, skipper," said one of the men; "Ben Tibbo always kept his dory 'ready for anything,' as he used to say."

"Well, boys," said the skipper, "we'd better see about getting something to eat and drink now. We have a bad night before us, and, if I'm not mistaken, it'll be touch and go with us all before morning. Go down, all of you, and get some warm tea, and a good bite to eat. The mate and me will keep on deck till the next watch comes on."

As the darkness settled down, the wind increased in violence, while the fog seemed to cling more densely and closely. Soon a heavy sea was running, and the schooner, under the stress of wind and wave, tugged at her anchors as if she would snap the stout cables which held her fast. There was no sleep on board the *Nell* that night. The men exchanged whispers, in the lulls of the storm, about their missing comrades, and with sigh, and shudder, and shake of the head, heard the angry swish of the racing seas,

and the fierce scream of the gale, as the stout schooner was tossed like a cockle-shell between them.

"What could a dory do in a night like this," they said.

About midnight the gale reached its height; the seas dashed over the little vessel from stem to stern, deluging the look-out men as they stood bravely at their post in the bow; and one tremendous wave catching her, as she swung for a moment a little broadside, swept away five out of her six remaining dories, and smashed her weather bulwarks into match-wood. At the same moment, it seemed to the watch, that, above the noise of their own wreckage, there came the sound of a terrific crash, somewhere to windward, and a little later there loomed through the fog, close across their bows, the dim, black outline of a craft, on her beam-ends, drifting rapidly past them.

After midnight the wind abated somewhat, but the fog continued, and the heavy sea which the storm had raised rocked the *Nell* in its restless grasp through the live-long day. During the second night the weather changed; a light breeze sprang up from the westward, the fog cleared off, the moon came sailing up through the starry sky, and the sea went down rapidly. As the morning dawned, and the sun rose bright and clear over the quiet sea, it seemed impossible to believe that, within that same horizon had been so lately, storm and darkness, and agony and death.

The necessary repairs being made to his staunch, but storm-shaken little vessel, Wilson Buffett at once shaped his course for home. There was nothing else to be done. Around all the wide horizon not a sail was in sight. Of the craft that had been in his company before the gale, not one remained within range of his eye or his glass. He could only hope that they, or, at least, that most of them, had weathered the gale and passed out of sight. For himself, thankful that it was no worse with him and his crew, yet saddened by the thought of the missing dory and her almost certain fate, he gave orders to heave up the anchors, that had held them so staunchly, and with her sails spread to the fresh fair wind, the *Lively Nell* was headed for home.

. . . . . .

A dory astray in the fog on the Banks, with a freshening wind and a fast-rising sea. Two hapless human beings at the oars, pulling they know not where. Everywhere the dense dark curtain of the gray and gloomy vapour. Everywhere the swirling, angry, white-capped waters. Everywhere the rush of the bitter, relentless, fast-increasing wind. A dory, a frail, flat-bottomed

boat, crank and cramped, tossed up and down like an egg-shell in the great seas rolling over the Banks. And two men with set faces, pulling, pulling, anywhere and nowhere, just to keep the fragile craft out of the yawning jaws of the rollers that, like angry wolves, gnashed their white teeth at her as they swept down before the gale. My gentle reader, can you think of, can you picture to yourself, a more pitiful position of human helplessness and hopelessness than that—the tiny, drab-colored, coffin-like dory, the two wan, weary, lost and lonely fishermen, dipping their feeble and flimsy oars into the great waves, and all around and about them the savage wind and the cruel sea, and over all and worse than all the pall of the fog, shutting them off from human help, and shutting them in to dreariness, despair and death.

Such was the position, and such the prospects of the two poor fellows who had rowed off from the *Lively Nell* in high spirits, in the early afternoon of the day on which the story opens. They had missed their craft in the dense fog on returning from their trawls, and had been rowing hours and hours in the faint hope of finding her, or some one or other of the schooners anchored on the fishing ground. With attention strained to the utmost to catch any sound of horn or gun through the fog, they had alternately rowed and listened through the long hours of the afternoon, growing ever more hopeless of success, as wind and sea increased; and nothing reached their ears but the monotonous and melancholy wash of the waters, and the hollow moaning of the wind, as it blew through the fog.

Ben Tibbo, the older man of the two, sat in the forepart of the dory, a strongly-built, fresh-looking man of thirty-five, with one of those peculiarly expressive and sensitive faces one often sees among stalwart and rugged sailors and fishermen. The other man, Tom Harris, his nephew, as it happened, as well as his after-man, was very much younger, a tall, lithe, swarthy stripling of nineteen or twenty. The older man's face wore an expression of deep seriousness. He knew well enough the peril of their situation, and his thought went out to his wife and two little ones, sturdy Jack and Baby Nell, in the little white cottage by the brook at home. He thought, too, of another face, his sister's, in its plain black bonnet, frilled with white, and of the terrible blow awaiting her should this boy beside him perish; for Tom was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—the sea had taken her husband from her some five years before.

But Ben Tibbo was a Christian man, and his duty, he knew, lay in doing the best he could under the circumstances, and leav-

ing results in the hand of God. So he gave himself to the work of trying to brighten up his younger companion, who was inclined to give way to utter despair and hopelessness.

Both men were, indeed, as their shipmates had said, stout-hearted fellows; but the anxiety and fruitless efforts of the afternoon had told greatly upon the spirits of the younger. Now, as the night closed rapidly in upon them, adding its distressing darkness to the awful loneliness and peril of their situation, it needed all the faith and courage of the older man to keep his companion from despair.

"Tom, my boy," he said, "it won't do for you to give up like that; we are in the hands of God, remember, and under His all-seeing eye. We can't do much to help ourselves, 'tis true, but what little we can we're bound to do. We've got a good stout dory under us, and good new ash oars in our hands, an' if we're careful, we can keep her from bein' upset or swamped yet a bit. Now, like your father's own son, keep up your head and heart, and let us keep the dory afloat as long as we can. It'll need all we can do to do that to-night, for the wind and sea is risin' every minute. But we'll do our best anyway, an' leave the rest to God. But mind, you must do your part. Take good care of those oars of yours, for if our oars break, we'll be swamped in five minutes."

The older man's words had their due effect upon his companion. The despair went out of his eyes and the listlessness from his attitude. He laid hold of his oars with a firmer grip, and bent himself to the task of keeping the boat out of the trough of the sea. So the hours of that terrible night wore on. The darkness was like that of ancient plague-stricken Egypt, a darkness that might be felt, lit up only by the faint sparkle of the phosphorescent foam, as the huge seas broke and curled around and beneath them.

As the storm increased in violence, the frightful sounds of wind and waves made conversation impossible. Indeed, it needed all their care and attention to keep the boat from the yawning seas and to bale out the water, which, despite all their efforts, at times half filled her. Mechanically the men plied their oars; mechanically they threw out the water. The state of their minds was neither hope nor despair, it was simply vacuity. They were conscious only of the terrific bellowing of the wind and the roar of the sea, as they were driven like a chip at the mercy of their giant forces. Every moment they expected to be engulfed, and dimly wondered as the moments passed that they were still alive.

After some hours—they could not tell how many—the wind

moderated a good deal, and the men spoke to one another occasionally. Both were well-nigh exhausted, though the courage and faith of the older were holding up both his companion and himself.

"Uncle Ben," exclaimed the young man, at length, "I'm afraid I can't hold out much longer. I feel nearly gone, and can hardly hold on to the oars. Is there any use in it, anway? Hadn't we as well let everything go?"

"My boy," said the older man, "we mustn't give up so long as we can handle an oar or a bale-bucket. I've been praying to God to help us, all through the night, and I don't see how ever we've come through so far, except by His help. I believe He is helping us; I know no one else can. Keep up, Tom; I don't give up. Maybe we'll meet with some craft or steamer yet. You see the wind is dropped, and the sea isn't as bad as it was. Come now, let us sing;" and the brave fellow started off,—

> "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
> What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
> To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

Both men joined in the succeeding verses, and sang the grand hymn through to its triumphant close—

> "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
> I will not, in danger, desert to his foes;
> That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
> I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

The inspiring hymn and the strong faith of his companion had an almost magical effect upon the younger man, and for a short time he plied his oars with a vigour in strong contrast to his previous exhaustion. But it was only for a while. Bruised and knocked about as they had been in the fury of the gale, both men had suffered more than enough to wear out nerve and muscle. But it had told most heavily upon young Harris, and Tibbo perceived with great concern that his comrade's strength was quickly flagging.

Their situation was a little less awful than it had been, that was all. No longer were they so terribly beaten upon by the wind, indeed, but the sea still remained heavy, though nothing like so bad as it had been, and the fog lay dense on every side. Indeed, their plight was even worse than before, in some respects, for the terrific shaking up of the seas had swept away their can of provisions and smashed in their water-keg; and when, at length, Tibbo saw the oars slide from his young companion's

grasp, as he sank half insensible from his seat, it needed all his stalwart faith to keep him from utter despair. His own strength was ebbing fast, and it took all the power of his strong will to keep his oars going. If he, too, gave way, and the dory was no longer kept before the seas, he knew that a few brief seconds would seal their fate. Once broadside to the yawning seas, and their frail craft would be engulfed in an instant.

Not that he feared death for himself, for Ben Tibbo's stout heart had been his Lord's for many a year, but his thoughts went out to wife and children, and to that widowed sister watching for her son, and life seemed never sweeter than it did that hour. Lifting up his face, he cried aloud: "O God, Thine ear is not heavy that Thou canst not hear; Thine arm is not shortened that Thou canst not save. No human help can reach us unless it is sent by Thee. O Saviour, we cry to Thee as Peter did among the waves of Galilee, 'Lord save us, we perish; Lord save us, we perish.'"

And still the bitter wind swept round, and the cruel waves lashed and tore and swirled beneath, and the dory drifted on in the fog over the lonely sea.

. . . . . .

Captain Maxwell, of the staunch steamer *Bolivar*, was pacing his bridge with considerable anxiety. His ship, laden with flour and pork from Montreal, had met with a pleasant time on her way down the broad St. Lawrence; had taken in more cargo, including a considerable deck-load, at Charlottetown; had touched in for coals at Sydney, and had left that port in the morning with every prospect of a safe and speedy termination of her voyage at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Indeed, there was ground enough for Captain Maxwell's anxiety. The glass was falling rapidly; the fog into which he had run a couple of hours before was getting thicker and thicker; the wind, which had chopped round suddenly, was dead ahead and threatening to blow "great guns," and everything looked ominous for a dirty night in that very awkward place for "dirt," the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"An ugly night coming on, sir, I'm afraid," said the first officer, as he came up the steps and joined the captain on the bridge.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Fraser?" said the latter. "I was just going to send for you. I wanted you. Yes, we are going to have a very nasty night, and with that heavy deck-load of ours, I'm afraid we'll make very poor weather. Ten chances to one if

we don't lose every bit of it before morning. Has it been well secured?"

"Yes, sir; as well as we could secure such a mixed lot of stuff."

"Are the hatches all battened down securely?"

"Yes, sir; at least I gave orders to have them done."

"Very good, and now, Mr. Fraser, please make sure that your orders have been carried out faithfully. Have the tarpaulins over all the skylights; go over the ship, and see with your own eyes that everything is made secure, and the decks cleared of all loose stuff. Double your look-out, and tell them to keep their eyes peeled. Tell the chief engineer to keep up a good head of steam, for we'll need all he's got in his kettles to keep her up to it. That's all, I believe. Oh, yes; send up an extra man to the wheelhouse here."

"All right, sir," said the chief officer, as he hurried away to execute the multifarious orders.

The captain resumed his quick, nervous walk on the bridge. An experienced navigator, and well used to the course he was travelling, he understood full well the task that was before him, with the sort of night that was ahead. Not that he feared for his vessel, for he had faced many a bad night on the *Bolivar*, and he knew he could depend on both ship and machinery. But that deck-load worried him, for one thing, and then in dense fog on a thronged course, there is the perpetual risk of collision, so he expected to be on the bridge all night. For he was one of those captains, those anxious, careful, conscientious men, who cannot sleep and leave to subordinates the task of navigating the ship when there is the least sign of difficulty or danger.

There are many such men, thank God—self-denying servants of the public; and owners and passengers owe them more than they think. I wonder if any of us shore-keeping people understand fully the unnumbered anxieties and unnoticed heroisms of sea-captains, with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, and often, and more important, hundreds of human lives dependent upon their watchfulness, and judgment, and skill. Captain Maxwell was one of this sort. It was no uncommon thing with him to spend a night upon the bridge. But there was something about him this evening that he could not understand. It was not so much anxiety; it was even less the anticipation of danger; it was an undefined sense of something going to happen, a strange feeling which he could not have described, and which he could by no means shake off.

In a quarter of an hour or so, the first officer again came up the ladder.

"All is snug and taut, sir," he said. "I saw to the hatches and to the lashings of the boats myself, and they're all right. That beastly lot of stuff on the for'ard deck is the only thing anyway loose, and they've fixed that as well as they can."

"What did the engineer say?" asked the captain.

"He said he'd keep a steady pressure on the boilers, with something to spare in case it's wanted."

"And the look-out, have you doubled it yet?"

"Yes, sir; and the next two watches give us the steadiest men in the ship on the bows."

"Very good," said the captain. "I see the wind is increasing fast, and it is getting thicker every minute."

"Yes, sir, and the glass is going down steadily. 'Twill be an ugly night. I pity those poor fishing schooners on these Banks. There'll be a very heavy sea running on the shoal ground."

"Poor fellows, they have a hard time of it thrashing about in those small schooners this month," rejoined the captain. "This thick fog, too, makes it very bad for them. They don't make such bad weather when it's clear, but in this terrible thick fog they stand a chance of losing their dories, and thereby some poor fellows' lives, or of getting run down themselves by some passing steamer."

"Talking of running down, sir, I remember four years ago I was third officer on board the *Bahia*, of the Ballard Line, bound from Liverpool to New York. You know her, sir, a big four-master with twin screws, very fast, and with bows like a razor. We took the Banks in terribly foggy weather, but the captain kept her at it pretty lively, as they do these mail steamers, though I must say he was very careful about lights and look-out, and kept the fog-whistle going regularly.

"Well, just about 9 o'clock one night, I was off duty and talking to one of the saloon passengers—we had 800 aboard, all told, that trip—when all of a sudden I heard the wheel fly around hard-a-starboard, and the telegraph ring to back the engines full speed. I ran for'ard just in time to see the white sail of a little fishing schooner right under our bows; then there was a slight jar and an awful scream, and I saw the sail lie out on the water for a moment and pass astern of us. We stopped immediately and put out a couple of boats, but not one vestige of the craft could we see. We evidently struck them right amidships and cut them clean in two. I'm afraid the poor fellows must have been running without proper light or look-out, for we saw nothing and heard nothing till we were right upon them. I'll never forget that scream, though, to my dying day."

"That was awful," said the captain, "and yet 'tis a wonder there's not more of it. But the hardest fate, it seems to me, is when these poor fellows get adrift in their dories, and beat about until they are either starved or swamped, as is often the case. Fancy a dory adrift such a night as this; and it's going to be worse. While you're on the bridge, I'll go and get a cup of coffee in the chart-room, and lie down on the locker for an hour or so. I must get a short nap if I can, for I feel quite seedy; but I want to be on the bridge before midnight, for I think we'll have the worst of it then. Just keep her as she is going now, Mr. Fraser, and sing out to me if you want me."

Captain Maxwell stepped into the chart-room, and touching the bell for his steward, bade him bring up a cup of strong coffee and a biscuit or two. Then, throwing off his damp overalls, and pulling a thick, rough coat over him, he lay down on the locker for his nap. The wind roared around the deck-house, and the heavy head sea shook the steamer from stem to stern; but, thoroughly tired out as he was, he was soon asleep. Asleep I say, if, indeed, it may be called sleep, in which the mind is wide awake, though the outer senses are slumbering. The rough seas and hoarse winds without had their counterpart within the brain of the sleeper. He was conscious of being carried over a stormy sea. How he was conscious of it, or how he was being carried, or where he was, he knew not, and yet around him was a heaving, moaning, storm-tossed sea. The great, black, foam-capped waters combed and broke on every side, now rising high into mountain ridges, now sinking low into yawning gulfs; and over it all was an inscrutable, impermeable mist, through which the wind blew with bitter blasts, that caught the white crests of the heaped-up waters, and flung them far and wide over the troubled scene.

The same strange spell which had caused him an hour before to pace the bridge in restless, but unaccountable suspense, lay heavy on the sleeper's mind as he looked on the waste of angry waters over which, as it seemed to him, he was being hurried. He passed great steamers looming through the foglike mountains, their lights burning dim through the enveloping mist. He passed ships close-reefed and storm-set, scudding before the gale. He passed schooners, fishing-schooners with their dories piled on deck, tugging at their anchors in the midst of the great seas. He saw the anxious faces of their crews, as they hung on by shroud and ratline, keeping the deck, as the water poured in cataracts over them.

Then, as he was hurried on over miles of utter loneliness and dreary discord of sea and air, suddenly he saw a tiny dory pitch-

ing about like a bit of common flotsam on the raging waters. Not an empty dory, either; there were men in it—two men—rowing hard to keep afloat amid the waves that rolled, and foamed, and churned around them. He could see the dory rise up, up, up, till it hung quivering across the ridge of some giant sea, and then go down, down, down into the depths, until it seemed as if it could never rise again. He could see the men dip their oars into the waters, which threatened to snap the frail things at every moment, and as he watched, his soul cried out in sympathy and horror, and with the cry—he awoke.

Again and again, the tired man dropped asleep, only to have his troubled dream repeated, only again to see that hapless dory and her crew rowing, rowing, keeping their boat from the cruel seas. He wanted to help them, those forlorn men in the drifting dory, and it seemed to him that he ought to do so, and yet he could not, and in his excitement he shouted, and awoke.

The dream had been so vivid that, as he sat up and opened his eyes, it seemed to him that across the apartment, framed like a picture by fog, he saw still the dory and her hapless crew. He rubbed his eyes and sat up on the locker. He was trembling violently, and his forehead was bathed with sweat. Outside he heard the ship's bell strike one, two, three, four, five, six, and knew that he had been asleep just an hour. To him it had seemed many. He put on his overalls and sou'-wester, and went up to the bridge. The first officer was steadily pacing at his post. He turned, as the captain came up.

"We passed a steamer just now, sir," he said.

"Was she a large steamer?"

"Yes, sir; I think so, very large; she came along by us pretty close. I could just make out her lights as she came up on our starboard quarter."

The two men walked the bridge in silence for a long while after that. As it grew to midnight, the wind increased with terrific suddenness to a perfect gale. Tons of water dashed furiously over the ship's bows, and the staunch steamer groaned and laboured heavily, as the engines kept her head against the wind and sea.

Just as eight bells struck, a tremendous wave broke over the bows, and as the steamer, in spite of the steersmen's care, fell off a little under the sudden and tremendous shock, another great sea coming aboard swept off the heterogeneous cargo on the forward deck, and carried it far away to leeward. It was, as it were, the supreme and final effort of the storm, and almost immediately the wind began to drop, though the sea it had raised still continued heavy.

While the first officer busied himself in straightening up the disorder caused by the deluge which had swept the forward deck, the captain continued to pace the bridge in deep thought. For his vessel he no longer had much anxiety. The worst of the storm was evidently over, and though the fog and sea still kept up, neither was so bad as it had been before.

"Go down below and change your drenched clothes, and get a cup of hot coffee, Mr. Fraser," he said, as the latter rejoined him. "I intend to hold on here till morning, and you may as well lie down in the chart-room, so as to be within call if I want you. I have an uneasy feeling that I can't shake off. I had a horrible dream when I was lying down, about a dory adrift, with two men in her, and I can't get it out of my mind. I can't sleep, so I may as well be here."

As his subordinate turned down the ladder, the captain resumed his solitary walk. His dream still troubled him. He could not shake off the sense of its reality. He had seen a dory with two men upon a lonely, tempest-tossed sea, in the greatest possible peril. He had seen them so vividly, so closely, so lately. He could not feel it to be a dream, and yet, it was not reality. What was it? What did it mean? And as he thought, there came over him the same strange stress of feeling under which he had laboured in his dream. All was quiet on board the steamer, save the steady throb and vibration of the engine, the hoarse dash of the spray against her bows, the low moaning of the falling wind, and the shrill bray of the fog-whistle cutting through the mist-laden air every half minute. But these were familiar sounds, and the night seemed silent to the watcher on the bridge.

Three bells struck. The sound aroused the captain from his reverie, and, stopping in his nervous walk, he laid his hand upon the rail of the bridge, and mechanically looked out into the fog that still hung dense and heavy all around; and as he looked, it seemed to him as though the curtain of the misty air were lifted, and that through a long, long vista, he saw again, out on the tumbling sea, the dory and the men. He rubbed his eyes; he was not dreaming now; he felt the wet wind blow cold upon his face; he felt the firm plank beneath his feet. He was awake—wide awake—and yet there, as he looked out into the fog, was the dory he had seen in his dream.

Captain Maxwell was a brave man, but he felt his heart thump against his breast and his whole frame tremble as he gazed, spell-bound, upon that weird and ghostly picture. With a strong effort he moved from his position and walked to the other end of the bridge, and then, turning, came back to his former place by

the starboard rail. Again, as he looks, the fog seems slowly to dissolve, and there in the same direction are the dory and the men. They are still rowing, he can see, though evidently exhausted. As in a sort of living picture, he can perceive the feeble movement of the oars and the rise and fall of the heavy seas. A sudden thought strikes him. The vision or apparition may mean something, must mean something. There may be a dory astray on these awful waters; there may be men perishing for want of help. The spot in which he sees the strange appearance is a few points on his starboard bow, and now, as it seems, but a mile or so off, and yet if that dory which he sees pursues her course and his steamer pursues hers, they will pass each other a long distance apart. As this thought suggests itself to him, he determines to try and get nearer to them. Turning, he gives the order to the man at the wheel.

"Port your helm, my man, a little. Keep her head a couple of points off her course."

His voice sounds strange to him, and still trembling with excitement he keeps his eye fixed upon the spectral picture. Quickly the steamer obeys her helm, and in a few seconds is heading to starboard. And now, right over the bows, framed in the wreathing fog are the dory and her crew. The captain's heart gives a great bound. He is right then. There is something real about the vision after all. Watching like one fascinated, he is startled to perceive a change in that living picture. One of the men has fallen from his seat and is lying in the bottom of the boat with his head against the thwart. The other is still rowing feebly. The captain can see his face now, for the man is pushing with his oars and facing the bow, and he notes the strained, anxious look, the set mouth, the eyes upturned as if seeking help from the only point from which help can reach him. The captain can bear the tension no longer.

"Fraser," he shouts hoarsely, "I want you."

The first officer, dozing in the chart-room, heard the excited cry and rushed up to the bridge.

"Fraser," cried the captain, pointing with his finger, "look at the men in that dory."

"Dory, sir," exclaimed the officer in amazement. "What do you mean, sir? I see no dory."

"Why there," said the excited man, "there, right over the bow, about half a mile off, I should judge, a dory with two men in it."

"Half a mile, sir! Why, the fog is so thick, I can't see half the ship's length ahead of the bows."

"No matter, I tell you I see them. Poor chaps, poor chaps,

they're almost gone! Mr. Fraser, I'm not crazy, as you think me, I know. I believe there's a dory there and two perishing men. If we keep heading as we are now, we'll reach them in a few minutes. Just you stop here and I'll go for'ard. Be ready to stop her if I give you the word."

Mr. Fraser smiled grimly to himself as the captain rushed down the ladder. "The old man must be off his head," he muttered; "he's been sleeping badly lately, and the strain has been too much for him."

The captain hurried forward to where the look-out were standing, dripping with spray, their eyes fixed on the impenetrable mist.

"Boys," he said, "there's a dory out there with two men in her, not half a mile from us. We're steering straight for her. I saw her, or the ghost of her, from the bridge; we ought to be up to her in a few minutes. Keep your eyes and ears open now."

The sailors looked at one another in amazement. Superstitious, like most sailors, they could yet hardly take in the captain's strange and sudden statement. "He had seen her, or the ghost of her!" But they said nothing, and just strained eye and ear as they had been told.

Dash went the bow of the steamer into the rough water, splash, swish came the sheets of spray over the watching men. A minute passed, five, ten perhaps. The captain was leaning over the starboard bow.

"Hark," he cried suddenly, "I heard a call."

The men listened, a creepy, nervous feeling thrilling them at the intensity of his voice. Not a sound, not a sound, but the roar of wind and sea. Again the captain put up his hand.

"Hist," he said, "surely that was a man's voice hailing us."

"Ahoy, ahoy, steamer ahoy, help, help." There was no mistaking the sound now or its direction.

Again it rang through the fog. "Stop, oh stop ———. Stop and save us. Don't leave us to perish! steamer ahoy, ahoy!"

"Stop her, Mr. Fraser," shouted the captain, "stop her."

"Ay, ay, sir," came the answer from the bridge, and the sharp ring of the telegraph sent the order down to the engineer below.

"There she is, there she is," cried the captain, suddenly, and as the men looked in the direction of his pointing finger, there sure enough, a ship's length ahead, was a dory with two men in her, one lying seemingly exhausted or unconscious, the other rowing with his face toward the steamer.

"Give three whistles, Mr. Fraser," shouted the captain, and as the three sharp successive sounds rang out, they saw the man stoop and speak to his comrade as if to cheer him.

By this time the dory was almost alongside, but the sea was so rough that it was dangerous to approach them, as the steamer threatened every moment to come down upon her and swamp those they were trying to save.

"Stand by with some ropes there. Here, hand me one," said the captain. "Now then, port a little, Mr. Fraser. That's it, steady now. O, my poor fellows, my poor fellows, we'll save you."

The dory was now right under the steamer's side, rising up and sinking down in the sea, while the captain leaned over with the rope in his hand watching for a good chance to throw it.

"Here, my man, catch this. That's right. Now make it fast through the ring-bolt. Another rope here, quick."

The second rope was lowered and made secure around the body of the half-insensible man, who, in another moment, was safely hauled aboard.

"Now cast off that rope, my man, and tie it round yourself. Steady, look out for the ship's side! Now, up you come." And the second man is pulled up the steamer's side in safety, as a huge sea, as if maddened at losing its human prey, catches the empty dory and hurls it half-full of water far to leeward.

. . . . . .

And so Ben Tibbo got safely home to his wife, and Jack and Bess, in the little white cottage by the brook; and Tom Harris was clasped again in his widowed mother's arms. Ben is skipper of his own schooner now, with Tom as his mate, and the schooner's name is the *Bonny Bess.*

Captain Maxwell still sails the good steamship *Bolivar;* and should you ever be his passenger, my gentle reader, you may hear from his own lips, as you walk the deck together on some quiet evening under the stars, the tale of the Spectre Dory.

HALIFAX, N. S.

NATURE'S EASTER.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Vales and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted—
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of finger, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER VI.—A VOYAGE WELL BEGUN.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."

HERE we mark a great change in the life of Bess Adams. Her home was no longer the calm shore, with its village life, its school-days, the quiet drifting by of weeks and months, marked only by the change of seasons and the simple daily duties chiefly occasioned thereby. For two years Bess and Kate lived with their father on his ship, the *Seabird*.

In this time they saw the British Isles, the West Indies and Holland. They were not girls to lead an idle life on ship, and Bess, in particular, set herself to learn seafaring as a business, and proud was her father of her progress. The end of the two years found the bright little girl changed to the young woman. Bess had attained her full height. Formed like her father, she was taller and more vigorous than most women. To a singular modesty and gravity of demeanour she added a frank, earnest, fearless self-reliance natural to her, and developed by her seafaring life. The hair that had once blown freely over her shoulders, was now wrapped in shining braids about her comely head, and all her careless exposure to the weather failed either to burn or freckle her smooth, brown complexion. The sadness born of her early loss of mother and grandmother had passed away, and her buoyant spirit seemed never daunted.

At the end of these years Captain Adams and his daughters returned to Lucky Cove for a stay of two months, while the *Seabird* was undergoing repairs.

The little village looked quite unchanged. Tom Epp's *Dancer*, which was in charge of Master Hastings, was rejoicing in a new coat of paint. The Dane seemed to be renewing his youth, and looked heartier than ever. Christine was a little grayer, while the minister was busier than before, his labours extending over all the formerly neglected stretch of country between himself and the next pastor.

The first question about Lucy brought from Christine the information that the poor girl "was leading a fair dog's life with that noisy Sawyer woman."

The landlord's appearance spoke for *him*. Bloated to a monstrosity, he sat all day half-dozing on his porch, and had scarcely a civil word for Aunt Kezzy, who was sorely distressed over a leak in the tavern roof, and sundry discrepancies in fences, pigsties and kitchen garden, which spoiled the former thrifty look of the premises of the "Blue Mackerel."

The two months at home were very pleasant. Lucy, rejoicing at having friends near her, was frequently at the captain's, and fell into a habit of aiding the girls in their household tasks and needlework, like an elder sister. As the three sat together at work, Bess and Kate gave animated details of their life on shipboard or on foreign shores, and Lucy in return narrated the history of the past two years in the village, the facts of her own hard life, which crept out in these narrations, arousing the warm indignation of Bess and Kate. Bess did not fail to recount to her father the evil ways of Mary Sawyer; her unkindness to Lucy; her coolly borrowing Lucy's clothes without asking; her breaking open a chest and taking some of Lucy's mother's bed-coverings for her own use, which the authority of Master Hastings was needed to recover; her cruel flings at the former evil ways of Jim Wren; and her bitter taunts at Lucy's saintship, were tales that aroused both wrath and sympathy in the captain's soul. Bess frequently perplexed herself wondering what could be done to give Lucy a better home, and, fortunately or otherwise, her anxiety set the captain to perplexing himself on the same subject.

The time for departure drew near; the day was set, the sea-chests were re-filled. But just here Kate fell ill. The measles prevailed in the village, and Kate contracted the disease. Evidently she could not go on the present voyage, and not one hour could the *Seabird* be delayed. When Christine had autocratically announced *measles*, and that Kate was likely to suffer more with them than a young child, and must take great care of herself for some weeks after convalescence, Bess and her father took hasty counsel.

"You two must stay home for the winter," said the captain. "I'll be home from the New Orleans trip by Christmas, and run up here."

"Well," said Bess, "you'll be lonely, father, and I don't like the shore as well as the ship. But we will ask Lucy to come here and live with us; it will be more comfortable."

"So it will," said the captain, heartily. "Lucy is a good deal older than you two, and it will be better for you all round. It is the very thing, I declare."

The captain went straight to Mrs. Sawyer's, and having called Lucy outside the door, asked her if she would live with his girls during the winter, and help them take care of themselves.

"You'll all be profited by it," he said; "and you can have Tom move your boxes over there, if you like, so that you won't be worried about them."

Mrs. Sawyer, who had applied her ear to the key-hole behind them, felt wroth at losing the boxes and the mild Lucy, who made a good slave. As Lucy readily agreed to fetch her bonnet and go to nurse Kate immediately, that Bess might give all her time to her father, Mrs. Sawyer, who had just had a glass of rum, went to the foot of the ladder, and shouted up into the garret:

"So you're going to Cap'n Adams', be you, with all of your things? I reckon you won't never come back."

Perhaps this random speech increased Captain Adams' perplexities.

In a few weeks Kate was well, and the three girls made a very happy family. When Captain Adams returned at Christmas, he found them all very cheerful, Lucy brighter and busier than ever before in her life, and the home truly homelike. The minister, who had resigned the house at the first return of its owners, was settled at Master Hastings'. The stay at home was for six weeks. The *Seabird* was now engaged in a series of short trips to ports in the Southern States, and the captain could make frequent returns to the Cove. During this holiday visit there were many sociable tea-parties in the village, and young and old seemed bent on enjoying themselves, especially Rolf, who was ever close to Bess, seeing which Bess' careful father was more perplexed than ever.

There seemed a solution possible to these difficulties. Captain Adams might marry Lucy, and thus procure a comfortable home on shore for her and his two daughters. The great disparity in their ages troubled the captain, but he thought that if Lucy could overlook this, he could. He had always had for the girl a friendly, half-fatherly affection; indeed, if he had been asked, he would have honestly replied that, next to his own two girls, he liked Lucy! His own girls were very young, and it seemed well to have them at home instead of on shipboard, where Rolf might make love to Bess; and in the captain's opinion, five-and-twenty was young enough for a girl to marry. These last considerations he judiciously withheld, when he mentioned to his chief counsellor, Bess, his thoughts of a second marriage, but he laid them before his other confidant, Master Hastings. Whatever her father proposed was good in the eyes of Bess, and she, without one moment's hesitation, assented to a change which was to alter the whole course of her future life. No one could foresee that this marriage was to be a more serious matter to Bess Adams than to any other one in the world.

The Dane highly approved of his friend's proposal. Captain Adams had two pretty daughters and no Christine. Someone in the place of a mother was needed, and, though Lucy was young, she was mature in character, and they all loved her.

Therefore the Christmas visit at home had not concluded before Captain Adams married Lucy.

For the next two years the *Seabird* made short voyages, and Captain Adams was often at home. Bess stayed constantly ashore; but Kate was for six months on the ship with her father, who felt very lonely in the cabin, where he missed the faces and voices of his daughters.

But the end of the second year brought changes. There were a pair of stout twin boys in Captain Adams' home, which boys needed a world of watching. Lucy was not very strong, and had very little executive ability. Kate loved the babies, and wanted to stay ashore and pet them. Bess loved them, too, and preferred to go to sea and help earn their living. To end all, Master

Hastings found Rolf a position as second mate on a China-bound ship of large size, and Bess was told by her father that henceforth she might go to sea with him. This was exactly what she wanted. She had felt caged ashore, and her happiness seemed complete when, leaving Lucy, Kate and the two fat babies happy at home, Bess once more stood with her father on the quarter-deck of the *Seabird*, and watched the rapidly-receding shores as the ship sped out to sea.

"It is well to have my girl with me again," said the captain, as they paced up and down the deck. "I'll not deny, Bess, that I have many anxious thoughts as I keep my watch on this deck. Perhaps it was over-hasty in a man of my age to marry again. Not that I ever expected to find anyone to take your mother's place—and Lucy is a dear, good lass—but I'm getting on in years, and have nothing of any account laid up for the future; and while I can hardly expect to live to raise a family of young children to years when they could look out for themselves; what could poor Lucy do, left with a family of little ones on her hands? I'm afraid those dear little lads will find a hard lot if their old father goes down in some storm."

"Don't fear, father," said Bess, stoutly: "If you *do* go down in a storm, I'll take care of the little lads—of as many of them as it pleases God to send. But there is no need for you to forecast evil. The Lord has alway prospered you. You were never shipwrecked or cast away; and as for years," added Bess, laying her hands on his shoulders, and gazing earnestly into his face, "you are not nearly so old as Master Hastings, and he looks good for twenty years to come."

The captain shook his head. "These are serious matters, Bess, and we ought to look fairly at them. Here is the family of little ones, and absolutely no provision for them."

"We'll *make* provision, then," said Bess, heartily.

"Yes, that is what I am trying to plan; it is a burden on my mind. I've a heavy heart often, pacing here and thinking of Lucky Cove."

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

"Yes, I remember, girl; but it seems somehow as if this was a burden of my own devising."

"Nearly all our burdens are," said Bess: "and those are the very kind the Lord means, because they are usually the heaviest. Of course the Lord knew that we foolish creatures would run into difficulties, and make burdens for ourselves. But He took them all into consideration when He said 'thy burden.' If He had left us those of our own making to carry, He would have left us pretty heavily loaded."

"'Casting all your care upom Him, for He careth for you.' Yes, that is a rare good word, and I ought to think of my chart when I am sailing in these troubled waters. But we must work as well as trust—that is duty, plain, Bess."

"So it is, father, and we'll go to work and earn a ship. If you can lay up enough to buy a ship alone, or in company with

Master Hastings—even if she is not a very large one—it will be more profitable to you than now; and if I go to sea with you, you can get me the berth as mate. I can be second officer, and may be first after a while, and so I can help buy the ship."

"I've been thinking of something of that kind myself, and all we can do is to try it. I've a small bit of money laid up in Portsmouth, and if we can go on making it more, it may be a provision for those little fellows."

"They'll do bravely," said Bess. "We'll make sailors of them."

Until now Bess Adams' life had been spent in pleasant preparation for work to come, or in youth's bright, merry cruising along shore, where the winds are favorable and frolicsome, and the heaviest clouds bring only a passing shower. But now the voyaging was no longer for pleasure; the pleasure was incidental to hard work. Work for others, careful providing for the future, filled the story of her life. Equally with her father, Bess felt the care of Lucy and the little children at home. The new family seemed hers, quite as much as his. Her forethought looked with his to the household needs of food and clothes, and a tight roof over their heads, and means of starting the little boys fairly on their voyage of life. Such thoughts as these filled Bess Adams' heart when she shared her father's watches on moonlight nights, or on bright, sunny days. Walking up and down the deck, Bess Adams forecast the future; Lucy should train the children at home; by-and-by Kate would marry happily, and have a snug cottage of her own; Bess and her father would prosper well, and some day purchase a ship; and so the years to come stretched on indefinitely, with Bess and her father winning honest gains on the beloved element, and making sailors of the little lads, when they had been long enough ashore in the hands of the schoolmaster. But the future very seldom comes to us in the fashion of our own devising!

Those who live always ashore, or who try the waters only in some magnificent steam vessel or luxuriously-fitted yacht, have little idea of the amount of home comfort possible to be elicited by an ingenious spirit, from the narrow quarters of a sailing vessel; cannot realize the amount of labour required, the steady industry, and the precise order and thorough discipline prevailing now, and years ago also, on these vessels. Ships nowadays have a great advantage over those of former times, in the libraries furnished them by friends of seamen; the floating Bethel in many large ports; the seaman's missionary, who visits the crews, and in the far greater degree of temperance upon shipboard. Formerly, the seaman must have his grog dealt out every morning, this being esteemed a ration as needful to his well-being as bread; and as some sailors sold their allowances to the comrades who loved liquor most ardently, these unhappy creatures had abundant opportunities for getting drunk, for improving which they were often severely dealt with, the captains thus standing with temptation in the one hand, and retribution in the other. And yet, perhaps, in those days there was more enthusiasm for

their calling, more *esprit*, more of generous affection for each other, among the seamen. The pits, and dens, and traps along the shore had not so long been at their work of demoralization as now, and there were fewer cases of deep degradation among the men; at least thus runs much testimony taken from old sailors and captains.

However, that was then, as now; one honest sailor could have an almost unbounded influence with his mates. During a long voyage, a good seaman and a generous heart would rise to be an almost undisputed authority, and opinions hooted as "new-fangled," "Methodistic" and "womanish" before the voyage was over, came to be listened to with respect.

Thus Coxswain Tom Epp had come to have much influence with his fellows, and his "cold-water notions" were gaining some proselytes, for Tom in many a long discussion argued of the uselessness of strong drink, the evident good effects of abstinence upon himself, and the great advantage of a heavier purse ashore, filled with the price of rejected grog. Added to this, Tom was a rare hand at "spinning Bible yarns;" could discourse of "Bible Nazarites" in a fashion quite as impressive to his hearers as the parson's would have been, and his hearty reading of the Scripture stirred to their depths the simple souls of his brother seamen.

Morning and evening, except in severe gales, the crew of the *Seabird* were piped to prayers on the quarter-deck, and stood with uncovered heads and serious faces, while the captain read and prayed. Invariably, when a storm was safely weathered, the captain called all hands forward, while he offered up his thanks to God. On Sabbath morning and evening there was a service, and the minister of Lucky Cove had not failed to supply Captain Adams with suitable readings for these services. Indeed, at his suggestion the evening service took a peculiar form; for he had provided the captain with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," with notes and references, and the crew, seated about with the Bibles that had been furnished them, found these references, and listened to the captain's explanations. The Christian Pilgrim became particularly popular on board the *Seabird*, the only criticism ever ventured being, "It would have been far more like if he'd made him a sailor."

"Yes, but he's uncommon nice for a land-lubber," said another.

Books were scarcer in those days than now, but Captain Adams had brought a few volumes on board, and the minister had contributed a few more, and Master Hastings had given Bess a copy or two of works wherein she and Rolf had delighted; so the little world shut up on the *Seabird* was not without reading to furnish pleasant thoughts.

The cabin, under the sway of Bess, was a cosy, orderly place. The books, a picture, a pot of flowers (alas! woefully apt to die in sea-air), added a home-like appearance, in spite of the broad hints given by many clamps and fastenings attached to all moveables that *this* home was "foundationless and built upon the seas."

But thus we live even in the safest homes ashore. A thousand

evidences remind us of the uncertain tenure by which we hold all that we love the best, and need most greatly in this mortal life; and these uncertainties would destroy all peace, both on sea and shore, but for that immutable good to which we cling—the everlasting love and superintending care of our God.

There frequently come periods in life when a number of successive years bring but few changes; when there is little to chronicle but the return and consequent performance or neglect of small daily duties. Such a period followed Bess Adams' going to sea with her father. Year came after year, each bringing no great event. The laying-up of money in Portsmouth for the purchase of a new ship of which Master Hastings was to be joint owner, continued, and the deposit was growing to what Captain Adams thought a "snug little sum." But as the money increased in the bank, so had the little fellows at home increased, not only in size, but in number, and there were now, at the end of seven years—four besides the twins—three boys and a girl.

Seven years had passed, and now Bess was twenty-five, and had been not only second officer, but first officer, on her father's ship, and her proud parent frequently declared she was as fit to be a captain as he was. There was no one, he thought, who knew better how to sail a ship in weather fair or foul; how better to meet a storm; how better to use nautical instruments; and when Captain Adams "turned in below," and left his daughter, in her blue flannel gown and stout blue jacket, pacing the quarter-deck, he laid his head on his pillow, thinking with serene satisfaction that his ship was in the best of hands.

As for Tom Epp, who was still coxswain, and would never be anything else, having found a position in life which just suited him—if his religion had permitted him to have a patron saint, he would have taken Bess Adams in that honourable capacity, for his devotion to Bess knew no limit. It surrounded her present, admiring every word and act; it predicted her future in the old fellow's happiest day-dreams, and crowned her with glory and renown; and it reverted to her past, and led him to tell his comrades wonderful tales of the astonishing child Bess had been.

It had been partly by means of Master Hastings that Bess had obtained her promotion. Master Hastings had sold his little ship, the *Goodwife*, and invested the proceeds in a two thirds purchase of the *Seabird*, and his half-ownership in the staunch little ship, of which Jim Wren had been the first captain, he intended presently to sell, for there was a stout barque, the *White Eagle*, now building, which was to be the joint property of himself and Captain Adams. The influence of Master Hastings and of her father had secured Bess her singular positions of second, and then of first officer on the *Seabird*; but she kept the position in virtue of her own ability to fill it, and along the coast, Bess Adams was becoming known as a remarkably good officer, esteemed alike by captains, ship-owners and crews.

Not that Bess expected to follow sea-faring all her life. She had once desired nothing better, but her views had changed.

There was a plan over which Master Hastings and Captain Adams had many a time shaken hands, but which they had wisely left circumstances to develop. The two old fathers thought that events were according beautifully with their views, and chuckled frequently over their own most excellent foresight. Captain Adams had sometimes secretly felt, that in the matter of marriage, he had been wiser for his daughter than for himself, and he was now sure that he had been wise for her, indeed. What better could he ask than that she should marry Rolf, and go to live in Master Hastings' house, while Captain Adams and First Officer Rolf sailed that fine new ship that was a-building? And by-and-by, when Captain Adams was too old to go sailing any more, Rolf could take his place as captain of the ship, and the "little fellows," being then grown to tall striplings, could go to sea and be trained by Rolf in good seamanship. These were the visions which now occupied the Dane on shore, Captain Adams on his quarter-deck, Bess on her watch, and Rolf on his, as he came home from the Levant.

Man proposes. Man also sometimes carries his plans a long way toward their conclusion.

The last trip Captain Adams was to make in the *Seabird* was to be to Grey Town, Nicaragua. A brother of one of the owners of the *Seabird* was to succeed to the command, and as he was now aboard of a vessel which sailed to Ceylon, he left her, that he might be ready to take his post on the *Seabird* for the succeeding trip. That he might not lose time, and also might become acquainted with his new ship, it was desired that he should have the berth of first officer on the voyage to Nicaragua.

Captain Adams, understanding this, had withdrawn Bess from her position, to leave it open to the new claimant; and Master Hastings proposed that Rolf should take the place of second officer to his old captain and future father-in-law, to be in readiness for transfer to a higher position on the *White Eagle*. Since this was to be, and the autumn weather promised well, Captain Adams urged that Bess should have one holiday trip in her life, and that he might not lack her society, to which he seemed to cling more and more, she was to go with him this voyage; now as a guest on shipboard, going only to be as happy as possible, and to add to the happiness of her father and Rolf. It looked like a very pleasant plan, and Master Hastings, and Lucy and Kate, with all the children, looked on the whole affair as a manner of pleasure excursion, wishing them a glad good-bye and a swift and happy return. But before we follow the voyagers to sea, we take one look at the village of Lucky Cove.

There is the Dane, as vigorous as ever, his hoary head a crown of glory, because it is found in the ways of righteousness.

The minister found his church increasing in numbers and in godliness. For that which a man soweth, that also shall he reap; and this one had sowed to the spirit, and the word had not returned void, but had accomplished the thing whereunto it was sent.

But while the preacher had laboured to build up the Kingdom of God in this place, there were those who had laboured with equal diligence to destroy it. Of these it had come true: "In the net which they hid, is their own foot taken." At the tavern, Aunt Kezzy and her husband, the landlord, had been diligently lying in wait to destroy souls, and an evident destruction was coming upon them and all that belonged to them. The tavern was out of repair; decay, and poverty, and misery seemed brooding over the place.

The landlord had become more and more of a sot, and had quarrelled with Aunt Kezzy over his cups, until she had wished him dead a dozen of times; and when he did die at last, her only words were, that "it was the first thing he had done in five years to accommodate her."

Aunt Kezzy herself had tried more and more of her gin and rum, until her easy good-nature had entirely disappeared, and she could be heard at all hours of the day reviling at that habitual toper, Sawyer, whose forge-fires were generally out, while he heated his veins with gin at the "Blue Mackerel." Mary Sawyer, the idlest and dirtiest of the village gossips, was proving in her beggarly home that the way of transgressors is hard.

A PRAYER FOR EASTER-TIDE.

BY DR. WILLIAM HALE.

WITHIN the gracious spell of Easter-tide,
Let us, O Lord, sweetly with Thee abide;

Help us ever, or drear or bright the way,
To keep it Easter in our hearts, we pray.

Let *every* morning be an Easter-morn,
And Christ each day within our hearts be born.

Let each brief day be filled with holy deed,
And glad hearts cry, "The Christ is risen indeed!"

Unto the halt, the needy, let us be
As ministering angels sent of Thee.

For them that faint let us the waters stir,
Thy healing love to sweetly minister.

Help us each day our hearts to crucify,
That so some other heart to Thee draw nigh.

Let *each* glad morning be an Easter-morn
For thought and word and deed divinely born.

Let us each eve the sweeter in Thee 'bide,
For daily weakness conquered, crucified.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.—CHARLOTTE.

When Charlotte again went to Up-Hill she found herself walking through a sober realm of leafless trees. The glory of autumn was gone. The hills, with their circular sheep-pens, were now brown and bare; and the plaided shepherds, descending far apart, gave only an air of loneliness to the landscape. She could see the white line of the stony road with a sad distinctness. But Silver Beck still ran musically over tracts of tinkling stones; and, through the chilly air, the lustered black cock was crowing for the gray hen in the hollow.

Very soon the atmosphere became full of misty rain; and ere she reached the house, there was a cold wind, and the nearest cloud was sprinkling the bubbling beck. It was pleasant to see Ducie at the open door ready to welcome her; pleasant to get into the snug houseplace, and watch the great fire leaping up the chimney, and throwing lustres on the carved oak presses and long settles, and on the bright brass and pewter vessels, and the rows of showy chinaware. Very pleasant to draw her chair to the little round table on the hearthstone, and to inhale the fragrance of the infusing tea, and the rich aroma of potted char and spiced bread and freshly-baked cheese-cakes. And still more pleasant to be taken possession of, to have her damp shoes and cloak removed, her chill fingers warmed in a kindly, motherly clasp, and to be made to feel through all her senses that she was indeed "welcome as sun-shining."

With a little shiver of disappointment she noticed that there were only two tea-cups on the table; and the house, when she came to analyze its atmosphere, had in it the perceptible loneliness of the absent master. "Is not Stephen at home?" she asked, as Ducie settled herself comfortably for their meal; "I thought Stephen was at home."

"No, he isn't. He went to Kendal three days ago about his fleeces. Whitney's carpet-works have made him a very good offer. Did not the squire speak of it?"

"No."

"Well he knew all about it. He met Steve, and Steve told him. The squire has been a little queer with us lately, Charlotte. Do you know what the trouble is? I thought I would have you up to tea, and ask you; so when Sandal was up here this morning, I said, 'Let Charlotte come, and have a cup of tea with me, squire, I'd be glad.' And he said, 'When?' And I said, 'This afternoon. I am fair lonely without Steve.' And he said, 'I'm agreeable. She'll be glad enough to come.' And I said, 'Thank'ee, squire, I'll be glad enough to see her.' But what *is*

the matter, Charlotte? The squire has been in his airs with Steve ever so long."

Then Charlotte's face grew like a flame; and she answered, in a tone of tender sadness, "Father thinks Steve loves me; and he says there is no love-line between our houses, and that, if there were, it is crossed with sorrow, and that neither the living nor the dead will have marriage between Steve and me."

"I thought that was the trouble. I did so. As for the living, he speaks for himself; as for the dead, it is your grandmother Sandal he thinks of. She was a hard, proud woman, Charlotte. Her two daughters rejoiced at their wedding-days, and two of her three sons she drove away from their home. Your father was on the point of going, when his brother Launcie's death made him the heir. Then she gave him a bit more respect, and for pretty Alice Morecombe's sake he stayed by the old squire. Ten years your mother waited for William Sandal, Charlotte."

"Yes, I know."

"Do you love Steve, Charlotte? I am Steve's mother, dear, and you may speak to me as if you were talking to your own heart. I would never tell Steve either this way or that way for anything. Steve would not thank me if I did. He is one of them that wants to reach his happiness in his own way, and by his own hand. And I have good reasons for asking you such a question, or I would not ask it; you may be sure I have, that you may."

Charlotte had put down her cup, and she sat with her hands clasped upon her lap, looking down into it. Ducie's question took her by surprise, and she was rather offended by it. For Charlotte Sandal had been taught all the reticences of good society, and for a moment she resented a catechism so direct and personal; but only for a moment. Before Ducie had done speaking, she had remembered that nothing but true kindness could have prompted the inquiry. Ducie was not a curious, tattling, meddlesome woman; Charlotte had never known her to interfere in anyone's affairs. She had few visitors, and she made no calls. Year in and year out, Ducie could always be found at home with herself.

"You need not tell me, dear, if you do not know; or if you do not want to tell me."

"I do know, Ducie; and I do not mind telling you in the least. I love Stephen very dearly. I have loved him ever since—I don't know when."

"And you have always had as good and as true as you have given. Steve is fondly heart-grown to you, Charlotte. But we we will say no more; and what we have said is dropped into my heart like a stone dropped into deep water."

Then they spoke of the rector, how he was failing a little; and of one of the maids at Seat-Sandal who was to marry the head shepherd at Up-Hill; and at last, when there had been enough of indifferent talk to effectually put Steve out of mind, Ducie asked suddenly, "How is Harry, and is he doing well?"

This was a subject Charlotte was glad to discuss with Ducie. Harry was a great favourite with her, and had been accustomed to run to Up-Hill whenever he was in any boyish scrape. And Harry was *not* doing well. "Father is vexed and troubled about him, Ducie," she answered. "Whenever a letter comes from Harry, it puts everything wrong in the house. Mother goes away and cries; and Sophia sulks because, she says, 'it is a shame any single one of the family should be allowed to make all the rest uncomfortable.'"

"Harry should never have gone into the army. He hasn't any resisting power, hasn't Harry. And there is nothing but temptation in the army. Dear me, Charlotte! We may well pray not to be led into the way of temptation; for if we once get into it, we are no better off than a fly in a spider's web."

She was filling the two empty cups as she spoke, but she suddenly set down the tea-pot, and listened a moment. "I hear Steve's footsteps. Sit still, Charlotte. He is opening the door. I knew it was he."

"Mother! mother!"

"Here I am, Steve"

He came in rosy and wet with his climb up the fellside; and, as he kissed his mother, he put out his hand to Charlotte. Then there was the pleasantest stir of care and welcome imaginable; and Steve soon found himself sitting opposite the girl he loved so dearly, taking his cup from her hands, looking into her bright, kind eyes, exchanging with her those charming little courtesies which can be made the vehicles of so much that is not spoken, and that is understood without speech.

But the afternoons were now very short, and the happy meal had to be hastened. The clouds, too, had fallen low; and the rain, as Ducie said, "was plashing and pattering badly." She folded her own blanket-shawl around Charlotte; and as there was no wind, and the road was mostly wide enough for two, Steve could carry an umbrella, and get her safely home before the darkening.

How merrily they went out together into the storm! Steve thought he could hardly have chosen any circumstances that would have pleased him better.

"I was going to tell you, Charlotte," he said, "that I had been very fortunate in Kendal, and next week I am going to Bradford to learn all about spinning and weaving and machinery. But what is success without you? If I make every dream come to pass, and have not Charlotte, my heart will keep telling me, night and day, '*All for nothing, all for nothing.*'"

"Do not be so impatient. You are making trouble, and forespeaking disappointment. Before you have learned all about manufacturing, and built your mill, before you are really ready to begin your life's work, many a change may have taken place in Sandal-Side. When Julius comes at Christmas I think he will ask Sophia to marry him, and I think Sophia will accept his offer. That marriage would open the way for our marriage."

"Only partly, I fear. I can see that Squire Sandal has taken a dislike, and your mother was a little high when I saw her last."

"Partly your own fault, sir. Why did you give up the ways of your fathers? The idea of mills and trading in these dales is such a new one."

"But a man must move with his own age, Charlotte. There is no prospect of another Stuart rebellion. I cannot do the queen service, and get rewarded as old Christopher Sandal did. And I want to go to Parliament, and can't go without money. And I can't make money quick enough by keeping sheep and planting wheat. But manufacturing means money, land, influence, power."

"Father does not see these things as you do, Steve. He sees the peaceful dales invaded by white-faced factory-hands, loud-voiced, quarrelling, disrespectful. All the old landmarks and traditions will disappear; also simple ways of living, calm religion, true friendships. Every good old sentiment will be gauged by money, will finally vanish before money, and what the busy world calls 'improvements.' It makes him fretful, jealous, and unhappy."

"That is just the trouble, Charlotte. When a man has not the spirit of his age, he has all its unhappiness. But my greatest fear is, that you will grow weary of waiting for *our hour.*"

"I have told you that I shall not. There is an old proverb which says, 'Trust not the man who promises with an oath.' Is not my simple word, then, the best and the surest hope?"

Then she nestled close to his side, and began to talk of his plans and his journey, and to anticipate the time when he would break ground upon Silver Beck, and build the many-windowed factory that had been his dream ever since he had began to plan his own career. The wind rose, the rain fell in a down-pour before they reached the park-gates; but there was a certain joy in facing the wet breeze, and although they did not loiter, yet neither did they hurry. In both their hearts there was a little fear of the squire, but neither spoke of it. Charlotte would not suppose or suggest any necessity for avoiding him, and Steve was equally sensitive on the subject.

When they arrived at Seat-Sandal the main entrance was closed, and Stephen stood with her on the threshold until a man-servant opened slowly its ponderous panels. Charlotte watched Stephen descend the dripping steps into the darkness, and then went towards the fire. An unusual silence was in the house. She stood upon the hearthstone while the servant rebolted the door, and then asked:

"Is dinner served, Noel?"

"It be over, Miss Charlotte."

So she went to her own room. It was chilly and dreary. She hurriedly changed her gown, and was going down-stairs, when a movement in Sophia's room arrested her attention. It was very unusual for Sophia to be up-stairs at that hour, and the fact struck her significantly. She knocked at the door, and was told rather irritably to "Come in."

"Dear me, Sophia! what is the matter? It feels as if there were something wrong in the house."

"I suppose there is something wrong. Father got a letter from Harry by the late post, and he left his dinner untouched; and mother is in her room crying, of course. I do think it is a shame that Harry is allowed to turn the house upside down whenever he feels like it."

"Perhaps he is in trouble."

"He is always in trouble, for he is always busy making trouble. His very amusements mean trouble for all who have the misfortune to have anything to do with him. Julius told me that no man in the 'Cameronians' had a worse name than Harry Sandal."

"Julius! The idea of Julius talking badly about our Harry, and to you! I wonder you listened to him. It was a shabby thing to do; it was that."

"Julius only repeated what he had heard, and he was very sorry to do so. He felt it to be conscientiously his duty."

"If Julius had heard anything good of Harry, he would have had no conscientious scruples about silence; not he! I dare say Julius would be glad if poor Harry was out of his way."

"Charlotte Sandal, you shall not say such unladylike, such unchristianlike, things in my room. It is quite easy to see *whose* company you have been in."

"I have been with Ducie. Can you find me a sweeter or better soul?"

"Or a handsomer young man than her son?"

"I mean that also, certainly. Handsome, energetic, enterprising, kind, religious."

"Spare me the balance of your adjectives. We all know that Steve is square on every side, and straight in every corner. Don't be so earnest; you fatigue me to-night. I am on the verge of a nervous headache, and I really think you had better leave me." She turned her chair towards the fire as she spoke, and hardly palliated this act of dismissal by the faint "excuse me," which accompanied it. Charlotte went next to the parlour. The squire's chair was empty, and the large, handsome face that always made a sunshiny feeling round the hearth, was absent; and the room had a loneliness that made her heart fear. She grew rapidly impatient, and went to her mother's room. Mrs. Sandal was lying upon her couch, exhausted with weeping; and the squire sat holding his head in his hands, the very picture of despondency and sorrow.

"Can I come and speak to you, mother?"

The squire answered, "To be sure you can, Charlotte. We are glad to see you. We are in trouble, my dear."

"Is it Harry, father?"

"Trouble mostly comes that way. Yes, it is Harry. He is in a great strait, and wants five hundred pounds, Charlotte; five hundred pounds, dear, and he wants it at once. Only six weeks ago he wrote in the same way for a hundred and fifty pounds. He is robbing me, robbing his mother, robbing Sophia and you."

"William, I wouldn't give way to temper that road; calling your own son and my son a thief. It's not fair," said Mrs. Sandal, with considerable asperity.

"I must call things by their right names, Alice. I call a cat, a cat; and I call our Harry a thief; for I don't know that forcing money from a father is any better than forcing it from a stranger. It is only using a father's love as a pick-lock instead of an iron tool. That's all the difference, Alice; and I don't think the difference is one that helps Harry's case much. Eh? What?"

"Dear me! it is always money," sighed Charlotte.

"Your father knows very well that Harry must have the money, Charlotte. I think it is cruel of him to make everyone ill before he gives what is sure to be given in the end. Sophia has a headache, I dare say, and I am sure I have."

"But I cannot give him this money, Alice. I have not realized on my wool and wheat yet. I cannot coin money. I will not beg or borrow it. I will not mortgage an acre for it."

"And you will let your only son, the heir of Sandal-Side, go to jail and disgrace for five hundred pounds. I never heard tell of such cruelty. Never, never, never!"

"You do not know what you are saying, Alice. Tell me how I am to find five hundred pounds. Eh? What?"

"There must be ways. How can a woman tell?"

"Father, have I not got some money of my own?"

"You have the accrued interest on the thousand pounds your grandmother left you. Sophia has the same."

"Is the interest sufficient?"

"You have drawn from it at intervals. I think there is about three hundred pounds to your credit."

"Sophia will have nearly as much. Call her, father. Surely between us we can arrange five hundred pounds. I shall be real glad to help Harry. Young men have so many temptations now, father. Harry is a good sort in the main. Just have a little patience with him. Eh, father?"

And the squire was glad of the pleading voice. Glad for someone to make the excuses he did not think it right to make. Glad to have the little breath of hope that Charlotte's faith in her brother gave him. He stood up, and took her face between his hands and kissed it. Then he sent a servant for Sophia; and after a short delay the young lady appeared, looking pale and injured.

"Did you send for me, father?"

"Yes, I did. Come in and sit down. There is something to be done for Harry, and we want your help, Sophia. Eh? What?"

She pushed a chair gently to the table, and sat down languidly. She was really sick, but her air and attitude was that of a person suffering an extremity of physical anguish. The squire looked at her and then at Charlotte with dismay and self-reproach.

"Harry wants five hundred pounds, Sophia."

"I am astonished that he does not want five thousand pounds. Father, I would not send him a sovereign of it. Julius told me about his carryings-on."

She could hardly have said any words so favourable to Harry's cause. The squire was on the defensive for his own side in a moment.

"What has Julius to do with it?" he cried. "Sandal-Side is not his property, and please God it never will be. Harry is one kind of a sinner, Julius is another kind of a sinner. God only knows which kind of sinner is the meaner and worse. The long and the short of it, is this: Harry must have five hundred pounds. Charlotte is willing to give the balance of her interest account, about three hundred pounds, towards it. Will you make up what is lacking out of your interest money? Eh? What?"

"I do not know why I should be asked to do this, I am sure."

"Only because I have no ready money at present. And because, however bad Harry is, he is your brother. And because he is heir of Sandal, and the honour of the name is worth saving. And because your mother will break her heart if shame comes to Harry. And there are some other reasons too; but if mother, brother and honour don't seem worth while to you, why, then, Sophia, there is no use wasting words. Eh? What?"

"Let father have what is needed, Sophia. I will pay you back."

"Very well, Charlotte; but I think it is most unjust, most iniquitous, as Julius says"—

"Now, then, don't quote Julius to me. What right had he to be discussing my family matters, or Sandal matters either, I wonder? Eh? What?"

"He is in the family."

"Is he? Very well, then, I am still the head of the family. If he has any advice to offer, he can come to me with it. Eh? What?"

"Father, I am as sick as can be to-night."

"Go thy ways then. Mother and I are both poorly too. Goodnight, girls, both." And he turned away with an air of hopeless depression, that was far more pitiful than the loudest complaining.

The sisters went away together, silent, and feeling quite "out" with each other. But Sophia really had a nervous attack, and was shivery and sick with it. By the lighted candle, in her hand, Charlotte saw that her very lips were white, and that heavy tears were silently rolling down her wan checks. They washed all of Charlotte's anger away; she said, "Let me stay with you till you can sleep, Sophia; or I will go, and ask Ann to make you a cup of strong coffee. You are suffering very much."

"Yes, I am suffering; and father knows how I do suffer with these headaches, and that any annoyance brings them on; and yet, if Harry cries out at Edinburgh, everyone in Seat-Sandal must be put out of their own way to help him. And I do think it is a shame that our little fortunes are to be crumbled as a kind of spice into his big fortune. If Harry does not know the value of money, I do."

"I will pay you back every pound. I really do not care a bit about money. I have all the dress I want. You buy books and music, I do not. I have no use for my money except to make

happiness with it; and, after all, that is the best interest I can possibly get."

"Very well. Then, you can pay Harry's debts if it gives you pleasure. I suppose I am a little peculiar on this subject. Last Sunday, when the rector was preaching about the prodigal son, I could not help thinking that the sympathy for the bad young man was too much. I know, if I had been the elder brother, I should have felt precisely as he did. I don't think he ought to be blamed. And it would certainly have been more just and proper for the father to have given the feast and the gifts to the son who never at any time transgressed his commandments. You see, Charlotte, that parable is going on all over the world ever since; going on right here in Seat-Sandal; and I am on the elder brother's side. Harry has given me a headache to-night; and I dare say he is enjoying himself precisely as the Jerusalem prodigal did before the swine husks, when it was the riotous living."

"Have a cup of coffee, Sophy. I'll go down for it. You are just as trembly and excited as you can be."

"Very well; thank you, Charlotte. You always have such a bright, kind face. I am afraid I do not deserve such a good sister."

"Yes, you do deserve all I can help or pleasure you in." And then, when the coffee had been taken, and Sophia lay restless and wide-eyed upon her bed, Charlotte proposed to read to her from any book she desired; an offer involving no small degree of self-denial, for Sophia's books were very rarely interesting, or even intelligible, to her sister.

After reading an hour, Charlotte said: "Sophia, you are sleepy now."

"Yes, a little. You can finish to-morrow."

Then she laid down the book, and sat very still for a little while. Her heart was busy. There is a solitary place that girdles our life into which it is good to enter at the close of every day. There we may sit still with our own soul, and commune with it; and out of its peace pass easily into the shadowy kingdom of sleep, and find a little space of rest prepared. So Charlotte sat in quiet meditation until Sophia was fathoms deep below the tide of life. Sight, speech, feeling, where were they gone? Ah! when the door is closed, and the windows darkened, who can tell what passes in the solemn temple of mortality? Are we unvisited then? Unfriended? Uncounselled?

"Behold!
The solemn spaces of the night are thronged
By bands of tender dreams that come and go
Over the land and sea; they glide at will
Through all the dim, strange realms of men asleep,
And visit every soul."

"Men at some time are masters of their fates."

HE IS NOT HERE—AN EASTER MEDITATION.

How many Christians there are who do not know that Easter has arrived! They still seek the living among the dead. The elaborate collection of monuments in Greenwood, Mount Auburn, and other cities of the dead are silent witnesses to our unfaith. The very phrase, "city of the dead," is pagan. To see, as one may any sunny day in spring or summer, figures veiled in black, draping with flowers the grassy mound, or sitting there dejected, in silent and inactive sorrow, is one of the saddest sights this sad world affords. We never see it without longing to cry out to them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; he is risen." It is right to lay reverently aside the clothing of the departed. But who would seek for companionship with the cast-off garments of a companion? Is imagination so poor a faculty that love can recall the loved one only by association? And are there no better associations than those with the dumb lips, closed eyes, lifeless face and form? those of the coffined figure laid beneath the sod?

We do not await a resurrection at the last day. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Resurrection is a continuous fact. God does not by and by create a spiritual body. There *is* a spiritual body. In every death there is a resurrection; from every death-bed an ascension. To depart is to be with Christ, not with the worms. Not in some far future epoch, after a long and dreary sleep, but to-day, is the departing soul with its Lord in Paradise. When we commit the body to the earth, we also commit the spirit to God who gave it. When the shell breaks, the bird emerges. The tomb is not a chrysalis; God requires no time to fashion the new attire for the saint. The vision which John saw in apocalyptic vision was not a future but a present one. Now are they before the throne, having washed their robes white and having a song in their mouths. We have come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. If we have come to this general assembly of the first-born, then it exists. This city of the living God is the city of His living children. It is not a silent city waiting for some general resurrection to people it.

To go to the burial-ground in order to recall the departed and mourn them there, is as if a wife or mother should go down to the steamer's dock or the passenger station to recall husband or child who had left her by steamer or train for some distant country. The grave is not even the door through which our beloved have passed; it is the tenement which they have left. The released spirit has no longer need of this habiliment of clay. Nature generously offers to take it and turn it into grass and flowers. And we lock it up in an iron casket in a vain attempt to prevent the kindly ministry of decay. The body is but a fetter that

enchains the now free spirit. Why, when the spirit is released, should we sit mournfully by the side of the rapidly rusting fetters? The body is but a narrow cell in which the now free spirit was confined. Why, when the door is opened, and the spirit has gone forth, and nature begins to take the cell to pieces, should we sit mournfully at the empty cell, and long to stop the process of demolition? Fly forth, O soul, from thy cage! We rejoice in thy emancipation, and join in thy song.

O sorrowing hearts, sit not down in the gloom of Good Friday over against the sepulcher! The angel has already come; the stone is already rolled away. He is not here. He is risen. See the place where the body of the loved One lay; then go quickly with this song on thy lips: He is risen from the dead; He goeth before me; the Master came and called for him; and where the Master is, there my beloved is also.—*Christian Union.*

EASTER DAY OFFERINGS.

BY EMILY SEAVER.

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness,
This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness
Forever dies away?
The night is past, its sleep and its forgetting;
Our risen un, no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning,
Dead myrrh and spices for our Lords adorning,
Nor any lifeless thing;
Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the splendour
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

And with the myrrh, oh, put away the leaven
Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
And cold and lifeless form.
Still, with the lilies, deeds of mercy bringing,
And fervent prayers and praises upward springing,
And hopes pure, bright and warm.

So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
And light thy wintry way;
Till rest is won, and Patience, smiling faintly,
Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly,
To hail Heaven's Easter Day.

ST. CATHERINE OF ENGLAND.*

This book is not merely the record of a remarkable life ; it is the history of a great religious movement. An organization that in ten years has girdled the globe ; which has thousands of enthusiastic soldiers in many lands ; which has organized victory out of opposition and persecution ; which has created a series of great and successful philanthropies, is well deserving of our careful study.

Like every other great moral movement, the Salvation Army is the child of Providence. Its rapid growth, and the wonderful spiritual results it has achieved, are the seal of the Divine approval. It has not yet incurred the peril of having all men speak well of it, for prejudice and opposition still linger in many minds ; but it has won the sympathies of some of the noblest minds of the age.

We must discriminate between its accidents and its essence. A burning love of souls ; a passionate charity which remembers the forgotten, and which visits the forsaken ; which, amid the mirk and mire of the slums, seeks and saves that which was lost ; a burning zeal for the glory of God—these are its essence. Its big drums and tambourines and some of its methods, offensive to the nerves of the very refined, are but its accidents. These goodly volumes are like an expansion of the Acts of the Apostles of the early days. They abound in records of triumphs of grace ; of assaults on the ramparts of evil ; of spiritual victory against phalanxed foes that make one's heart thrill with sympathy, and suffuse the eyes with tears. Its record is another demonstration of the glorious truth, that God makes the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Nothing to human eyes was more improbable than that two humble Methodist itinerants, regarded with disfavour by the very churches in which they laboured, should become the leaders of the most aggressive agency for the spread of Christianity among the masses of modern times. Without social prestige or financial support, they have accomplished more for the unchurched masses of Darkest England, than the wealthy and venerable state establishment with all its social influence and vast resources.

The Apostles, writing to the Corinthian Christians, enumerates a long, dark catalogue of sinners of the vilest character, and says, "such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified." With wonderful truth may this be applied to the marvelous trophies of Divine grace rescued from vice and made apostles of righteousness through the agency of the Salvation Army. And not merely from the slums and gutters were their ranks recruited, although some of the brightest jewels were rescued from the very mirk and mire. Well-born girls sold *War Crys* in the streets of Paris, and not a few gave up ease and fortune to be soldiers in this holy war. Like the preaching friars of Wycliffe's time, and like the pious brotherhood of St. Francis of Assisi, these new soldiers of a nobler chivalry than that of arms, went everywhere preaching the Word and making glorious conquests for the truth. The Army leaders have wisely made use of the contagious influence of vast numbers, as when 50,000 assembled at the Crystal Palace demonstration.

It was a very marked personality, that of William and Catherine Booth. To an unfaltering faith in God and in His guiding Providence, they added supreme organizing genius and high intellectual power. Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army, especially, reproduces to our mind, in her own person, the intellectual strength of St.

* *The Life of Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army.* By F. De L. Booth-Tucker. Vol. I., octavo, pp. xxi.-457 ; vol. II., pp. xxi.-496. London : "International Headquarters." Toronto : William Briggs. Price $4.00.

Catharine of Alexandria ; the organizing skill of St. Catharine of Sienna, and the burning zeal of St. Theresa of Castile. She had the faculty of inspiring enthusiastic love and service. She exercised a strange spell over the minds of countesses and court dames in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, as well as over the cadgers and outcasts of Whitechapel and Seven Dials.

She won to her aid such powerful friends as Lord and Lady Cairns, John Bright and other leading minds of the nation ; and left her impress on the social legislation of the Empire, and in the enactment of juster laws for the protection of the poor and friendless, and for the suppression of vice. We verily believe that the cause of morality and virtue owes more to her efforts than to the whole of the Lord's spiritual and temporal—"the right reverends and wrong reverends" of the House of Peers. Her letters of impassioned earnestness to the Queen, to Lord Salisbury, to Mr. Gladstone and others, reveal her as the pleading friend of the poor and the oppressed.

The life-story of this woman of slender physique, of impaired health, often suffering from extreme weakness and pain, yet in labours more abundant, and training up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord a family of eight sons and daughters to lead great evangelistic movements in France, in Switzerland, in Norway and Sweden, in Australia, in India and in Canada, is one of inspiring heroism.

This brave woman became a new Deborah to the hosts of Israel, and her daughter, La Maréchale, of France, a new Joan of Arc for the moral emancipation and regeneration of that fair land.

Out of the rudest material, in many cases the very helots and pariahs, and outcasts of civilization, God raised up a band of heroes to preach through the slums this new crusade—not the rescue of the empty sepulchre—but for the salvation of the living image of our Lord. Out of their poverty they have contributed vast sums for this aggressive war, and have given, not only of their means, but themselves also, for this highest service.

Mrs. Catherine Booth's death was worthy of her life. Few events in Christian biography are more touching than the passing away of this saint of God. The death scene at Clacton-on-the-Sea, where the dying mother of the Salvation Army blessed her children one by one, and invoked God's blessing on the innumerable spiritual children who rose up to call her blessed, is akin, in moral dignity, to the dying scene where the patriarch Jacob uttered prophetic blessings on the twelve tribes of Israel. As devout men and loving women bore her to her burial, her mute lips still preached Jesus to the multitude.

A famous picture represents St. Catharine of Alexandria borne by angels to the skies, yet shedding sacred influence upon the earth. So our modern St. Catherine, caught up to be forever with the Lord, still lives as an inspiration, as an example of consecrated zeal, not merely to the brave men and women soldiers of the Army, but to the whole Church of God throughout the world.

It was her chief glory and providential mission to reassert the right and duty of women, the earliest evangels of the resurrection ; to preach to the perishing multitude the story of the risen Lord ; to realize again the ancient prophecy : "The Lord gave the Word ; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."

In an early number of this magazine we shall give a more extended review of these important volumes, and a fuller account of this consecrated life.

NOTE.—The statistics of the Army, of December 10, 1892, are very remarkable. It then numbered 1,849 corps, 16,861 officers and local officers, besides 3,242 bandsmen. It printed 373,665 copies of the *War Cry* a week, besides large editions of seven other periodicals, and held last year 190,571 indoor, and 74,436 outdoor meetings, a total of 262,507. It occupied thirty-eight countries and colonies ; twenty-five languages were spoken by its officers, of which its literature was published in seventeen.

A PROPHETIC VOICE.*

One of the most blessed signs o the times is the yearning for Christian unity in all the Churches. The time for strife and division among the followers of the Lord Jesus is past, or is swiftly passing away. The time for peace and union has come, or is rapidly coming. It is an abiding glory to Canadian Methodism that it first overcame the many difficulties in the way of Methodist union, and demonstrated to the world its possibility and the great advantages that result therefrom. The seal of the divine approval has distinctly been set upon that union by the marvellous growth of Canadian Methodism during the last decade.

The Australasian Churches, and those of Great Britain and the United States have been greatly influenced by that example, and are feeling their way towards what we hope will be a grand Methodist reunion throughout all these spheres of influence. The hearts of the different Methodist Churches have been drawn more closely together, and under the influence of divine grace have been melted almost to the point of fusion. The venerable Bishop Foster, who writes this book, was ready under the influence of that sacred hour atthe Washington Ecumenical to sing his "Nunc Dimittis," rejoicing in the exhibition of ristian brotherhood and love. In the book below mentioned he strongly urges the reunion of the two great Methodisms of the United States. He suggests such a union on the basis of one Methodist Episcopal Church under four General Conferences—a church north, church south, church west of the Mississippi, and a coloured Methodist Church. The scheme has been very favourably received by many of the representative Methodist papers. The coloured Methodists, however, do not wish to be segregated in a Church by themselves, and some of the northern Methodist papers also dissent from such segregation.

What Bishop Foster asks is a kind and courteous discussion of the problem and the bringing the best thought of the Church to an effort to solve this great problem, to find out what is right and how to do it. "With a sweet and loving spirit," he says, with the spirit of a St. John, "not more to my own, or less, than to others, and with no other thought or aim than to find what duty is, and to help to its easy performance, I say, 'Come, brothers, let us reason together,' with the hope that when we have reasoned together we will agree to live together again in peace and harmony, and go forth as of yore, an undivided band for the conquest of the world to our great Leader and Captain."

THE HUMAN CRY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Hallowed be Thy name—hallelujah !—
Infinite ideality !
Immeasurable reality !
Infinite personality !
Hallowed be Thy name—hallelujah !

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee ;
We feel we are something—that also has come from Thee ;
We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name—hallelujah !

**Union of Episcopal Methodisms.* By R. S. Foster. Octavo, pp 91. New York : Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Eighty-nine commodious and permanent churches have been erected in London by the Metropolitan Chapel Fund, added to sixteen that were in existence when the Fund was established. But at least 2,000,000 have been added to the population in the same period, and now it is believed that 4,000,000 neglect public worship, twelve sites also have been secured for other churches, but 10,000 churches should be erected during the next ten years.

Recently Rev. Richard Roberts preached in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, the cathedral of Methodism, when he stated that was the three hundredth time he had been permitted to preach in that venerable sanctuary for which honour he was devoutly thankful.

Rev. Charles Garrett, though hoary with age, continues to labour with unflagging zeal at the Liverpool Mission, where a vast amount of good has been done. Ten years ago the arrests for drunkenness were 20,330, and last year 9,005, notwithstanding that the population had increased 20,000. There are not less than 10,000 dockers for whose welfare the missionaries especially labour. Mr. Garrett stated that there were only 2,000 drink-shops in the city, where twenty years ago there were 3,000.

Methodist Councils have been established in many cities, one great object of which is to secure concerted action in city mission work and aid the "Forward Movement." Birmingham has thus been largely benefited. Rev. F. Wiseman recently stated that in the Midland Institute and Central Hall they had evidences of great good, inasmuch as now 4,000 persons were attending religious services where five years ago there were only 400.

The "Forward Movement" has brought many active workers to the front. Here is one, Mrs. Wiseman leads four society classes every week and a large Bible class.

It is gratifying to report that there is an increase of missionary income of $40,000 for 1892.

Rev. Canon Jenkins, M.A., vicar of Lyminge, near Folkstone, has for forty years been on terms of intimacy with Methodist ministers. Recently an aged class leader, Miss Fox, died, and the vicar preached her funeral sermon in the parish church, in which he recommended all present to imitate the example of the illustrious lady who had been removed from their midst.

Rev. Thomas Waugh, conference evangelist, held a ten days' mission at Aldershot. The congregations were very large, sometimes 1,000. More than one hundred soldiers and others professed pardon.

The nurse at "Old Mahogony," East London, states that from October to June she paid 1,157 visits, and from December to May, 1891, cooked 470 dinners of meat, 500 puddings and 100 small jellies for the sick.

A branch children's home will be established in Ireland, towards which Miss Fowler, Liverpool, has given $75,000.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The "Year Book" for 1893 reports 132 annual and mission conferences, of which 110 are in the United States. The returns from these conferences show that the Church has 15,847 ministers and 2,442,750 lay members. There are 27,989 Sunday-schools with a membership of 2,679,005;

there are 23,866 church buildings, 2,873 halls and 9,050 parsonages.

In the way of contributions for 1892 the aggregates are: For missions, $1,282, 676.01; church extension, $170,876; Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education, $116,796; Sunday-schools, $25,375 (tracts); Education, $80,664.81 (Parent Board only); American Bible Society, $35,-047; Women's Foreign Missions, $265,342.15; Women's Home Missions, $104,631.50; total $2,105,-037.47, which makes an average of 85⅝ cents for each member.

The amount thus collected in one Protestant Church exceeds the contributions of the Propaganda Society of Rome, though the latter has all the world to collect from, and yet the total of its receipts was only $1,271,947.

In Asbury's lifetime the Church grew from four preachers and 316 members to nearly 700 ministers, 2,000 local preachers and over 214,-000 members. He laid the foundation of the first Methodist college in 1785, two years after the Church was organized. He died in Spottsylvania, Va., March 31st, 1816.

The Mexico work is prospering. In one district in the State of Hidalgo, six years ago, there were only three congregations, now there are fifteen in small towns.

In Spanish America there has been gratifying progress. In ten years the increase is 101 congregations; 3 missionaries and 3 women's missionaries, 65 Mexican workers; 72 total labourers. Churches, 18; members, 2,026; adherents, 4,928; baptisms, 192; day schools, 33; scholars, 2,412; Sunday-schools, 379; Sunday-school scholars, 891; value of property, $211,150; missionary collection, $429; self-support, $7,274; other collections, $2,059; pages of religious literature printed, 23,235,446.

Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., has received $750,-000 from the Gammon estate. The institution is for the education of coloured ministers. The buildings are valued at $100,000, and the endowment has reached more than $200,000. It will soon swell to $1,000,000.

At the late meeting of the Book Committee which was held in Chicago, it was found that the New York concern had sold an increase of books, $12,177.18. The Western House reported an increase of $30,000 in the volume of their trade. Rev. Dr. W. V. Kelley was elected editor of the *Methodist Review*.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Bishop Wilson expects soon to bring out a book on "Some Aspects of the Gospel of St. John."

Bishop Galloway at a recent Conference said: "We are a prohibition Church, but not a prohibition party Church. I believe in total abstinence for the individual and total prohibition for the States. I do not believe that we ought to be quite so timid as we have been in our approach on this subject, A religious body has a right to project its force upon the public. I believe in mental suasion for the man who thinks, moral suasion for the man who drinks, legal suasion for the saloon-keeper, and prison suasion for the law-breaker."

Bishop Galloway at another Conference, when addressing probationers for the ministry, said: "I would have too much respect for my high calling to use tobacco in any form. Turn your tobacco money into books and your books into brains. The only divinely instituted means of distributing the Lord's money is the Church. Her charities should be distributed in the name of the Master, and no society or order should be allowed to rob the Church of this honour.

The Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Memphis, Tenn., voted for union with the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

The Church Extension Society held its twenty-seventh anniversary in Baltimore in November. The Society has assisted 8,447 churches. Not many years ago, Dr. Goucher gave $10,000 to the Loan Fund. Already seventy-one churches have been helped by this one donation.

The receipts last year from all sources were $319,980.84.

The first pastoral charge of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald was a coloured congregation, and it is affirmed that he especially delights to preach to this people.

Four of the Bishops have each one daughter labouring in the mission field.

Rev. Dr. Tigert says that 247 coloured young men are in European universities preparing for the highest educational work in the South.

Methodist New Connexion.

One circuit asks for a new Connexional hymn book. Thirty years ago the said hymn book was the first of its class.

Funds are being raised for the building of the George Innocent Memorial Church in North China.

Culcheth schools, Manchester, are to be enlarged at a cost of $5,000. A bazaar has been held which produced $2,360.

The Pleasant Week Evening Meetings at Hanley reports a membership of 400.

Bible Christian.

A three weeks' mission held at Cremkerne resulted in seventy conversions. A revival occurred in Southampton Circuit at which fifty persons professed conversion. Among them were twenty young men and women.

A special mission was held at Blacnavon Circuit by Mr. Jabez Mules, at which eighty persons professed conversion.

The week ending January 14th was observed throughout the Connexion as a period of self-denial and prayer. Reports of the result not yet published.

A new church will soon be dedicated at Fawcett Road, Southsea, the cost of which will be $15,000, more than $3,000 of which was secured at the corner-stone laying services.

The debt on St. Ives Church has been reduced $1,800. A new church to cost $1,900 is in course of erection at South Sea; $1,740 was laid on the foundation stone.

Holsworthy Circuit has been visited with a great revival in which Miss Costin and Miss Alpin have laboured. In some instances services were continued until midnight.

Primitive Methodist.

Through the intolerant bigotry of the Roman Catholic padres, the Governor of Fernando Po has closed all the day schools on the West African Mission. The British Foreign Office has the matter in hand, and the Spanish Government has been memorialized.

Six hundred poor children of East London get a free, hot, nourishing breakfast daily, given by the friends at Clapton Mission. A clothing establishment is also connected with the Mission which supplies the children with needful garments.

The Evangelists Home at Birmingham is holding on its way. The young men sent out are a great help to many churches. During 1892 one of the young evangelists delivered more than 600 addresses and sermons, and witnessed over 400 conversions.

The mission in Orange Free State (South Africa) has much to contend with. The Dutch authorities will not allow a native to attend a religious service until he secures a pass from his master. Then he has sometimes to travel a dozen miles to get this pass signed by a representative of the government. Besides all this trouble, he has to pay for this document. Heavy fines are inflicted on any unfortunate native who, in his eagerness to worship God, ventures to try to evade this tyrannical arrangement.

The Methodist Church.

On December 19th intelligence reached the Mission Rooms respecting the opening of the Church at Shidzuoka, which was the occasion of great joy; but alas! in one short month, another letter announced the sad fact that the beautiful house had been destroyed by fire. It was thought to be the work of an incen-

diary; more than 400 houses were also burned down. The brethren out there must of necessity build again, but they will require $2,000. Let those who can do so contribute immediately.

The Indian Mission House at Wolf Creek, Alberta, has also been burned down. The missionary, Rev. John Nelson and family, and Miss Linton, the teacher, have suffered heavily. Some of them barely escaped with their lives. The friends of missions should respond liberally.

The missionaries in China say that there should be twenty-five missionaries in the Province of Sze-Chuen by 1,900. There are between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 of people, and at least one hundred cities in easy reaching distances, all without the Gospel. One missionary and his wife agree to board and lodge free for one year two young men, unmarried, who are willing to go out to the Celestial Empire.

The missionaries are heroically labouring in the midst of great difficulties. They have established a dispensary on a small scale. An earnest appeal is made for a young man to enter upon this branch of missionary labour.

Good tidings come from British Columbia. The hospital has been opened at Port Simpson. A great work of grace is also going on at Port Simpson. Almost the entire Indian village is brought under its influence. The meetings were held every night during one week and all day on Sunday.

Miss Hart, of the same Mission, writes in a very gratifying manner respecting the Home for Girls, and prays for an increase of such homes. One sentence from her letter should pierce the Christian heart: "White men coming and going from the places (situated on the coast) keep the people supplied with liquor. Not only their own heathenism, but the worst vices of our race are fast sweeping these people beyond our help." More missionaries and teachers are required all along the line.

The jubilee of Mount Allison College at Sackville was a memorable season. Some 8,000 students have gone through the Institution since it was established, and over 300 were in attendance during the jubilee year. Efforts were made to raise a fund of at least $50,000, and many noble responses were given to the appeal. Old graduates subscribed $10,000; a collection at one meeting amounted to nearly $5,000. Generous friends contributed sums varying from $10 to $1,000.

A new college has been opened in New Westminster, B.C. The Rev. R. W. Whittington, M.A., B.Sc., has accepted the principalship. He will be assisted by a lady principal and three gentlemen, graduates of Canadian universities. The college is for students of both sexes.

Items.

It is stated that there are more priests, monks and nuns in Jerusalem in proportion to the population than in any other city in the world. They belong to every nation in Europe and many of Asia, and are of every creed, form of worship and dress.

There are 900 Reformed Churches in Chicago, five of which conduct their services in the Dutch language.

In Canada the Roman Catholics take the lead with 1,990,465 adherents; the Methodists have 867,469; the Presbyterians, 755,199; the Episcopalians, 644,106; the Baptists, 303,749; the Lutherans, 63,979, and the Congregationalists, 28,155.

Of the 1,200,000 people gathered within the limits of Chicago, only 85,000 are members of Protestant Churches, and of the remainder it is estimated that over 500,000 have never heard the Gospel.

A number of clergymen have seceded from the Church of England. They are now making a vigorous effort to form a new church on strictly evangelical lines. Their secession is grounded on the Romanizing tendency of the English Church.

Book Notices.

France in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Author of "Salvage," "Princess Amélie," etc. Octavo, pp. 450. Illustrated. Chicago: A. G. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.50.

It is more difficult to find an authentic recount of recent political events than to procure a classic history of Greece or Rome. The very nearness of the former is apt to distort the prospective, and the very profusion of material tends to prevent its proper condensation. This important task, in the case of the recent history of France, has been admirably done in the volume before us. No more stirring story has ever been written. Talk of the interest and excitement of fiction! It is cold and commonplace beside the facts more strange than the dream of a novelist of the history of France for the last sixty years.

Our author sketches briefly the events immediately following the fall of the first Napoleon, but treats more fully those from 1830 to 1890. The unheroic characters of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," pass rapidly in review. The central figure in this tragic story is "the man of destiny," Napoleon III. To us he seems to have had all the vaulting ambition of the first Napoleon, without a spark of his genius, and with even more than his moral obliquity.

The story of his adventures, in exile and in prison; of the *coup d'etat;* of the hey-day of the second Empire when Paris was Haussmannized, Queen Victoria a guest at St. Cloud and Verseilles, and the lovely Eugenie queening it at Cairo and Ismailia, reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights.

Then comes the tragic episode of Maximilian in Mexico; the Prussian invasion and the collapse of the Empire like a house of cards. Still darker shadows gather round the pleasure capital of Europe, as the Prussians invest it—like the coils of an anaconda strangling its victim. Then follows the wicked madness of the commune; the attempt to destroy the Republic on its funeral pyre, and the stern revenge of the remorseless enemy bleeding the country white with their exactions. The history of the third Republic, the most stable Government France has had for a century, is the most hopeful augury of its future.

Mrs. Latimer has rendered important service to the world of letters by her admirable volume, compiled largely from private papers, contemporary documents and the overwhelming mass of newspaper correspondence of the times. For this great tragedy was played in the sight of all the world, and is recorded on acres of the ephemera of the press. The literary quality of the work is of limpid clearness and of a French-like vivacity, while its matter is of absorbing interest. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and embellished with twenty-two excellent portraits of the chief historic characters. One cannot resist a feeling of sympathy for the beautiful, but misguided, Empress Eugenie, now in lonely widowhood lamenting the tragic fate of husband and son. It needs not the pen of a moralist to paint the lesson of the story of France. Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth. The dragonades, the noyades, the tocsin of St. Bartholomew, the civic and social corruption of the gay city by the Seine, have produced their legitimate, we might say, their inevitable results.

The Making of a Man. By Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D. Pp. 372. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

That this book, in a short time,

has reached its second edition, is an evidence of its striking merit. It is a comprehensive philosophy of human life. It treats the provision made for the development of man in his manifold nature, under the following striking heads: "Bread, for his Physical Nature;" "Power, for his Social Nature;" "Truth, for his Intellectual Nature;" "Righteousness, for his Moral Nature;" "Beauty, for his Æsthetic Nature;" "Love, for the Spiritual Nature;" "Immortality, the Permanence of the Completed Life of Man."

Under the first head, the author speaks of physical environment. That of Babylon, as far as wealth and splendour were concerned, was without rival in ancient times, yet "into oblivion has fallen all that bejewelled and pampered life that revelled in her palaces. Among none of her luxurious inhabitants did she develop a man to commit the keeping of her secrets and the record of her progress. Over her history has settled the stillness of the desert, and the gloom of eternal night."

Contrast this with Greece, the mother of arts and eloquence. "Though despoiled of her treasures, her temples fallen, her Parthenon in ruins, yet no tooth of time, no war's bloody hand, no devastation of the years, can take from her the glory which she lifted and locked in the genius of her generals, her statesmen, her orators and her philosophers." These "still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns."

In the chapter on "Power," Dr. Lee says, "Through age-long historic process, man has been seeking to realize the capacities of his larger nature. Like a magnificent temple, civilization has been rising through the centuries. Its walls have silently come up from the earth, like Solomon's temple, without clink of trowel or sound of hammer. The martyrs who went to undying fame and honour through the fires of Smithfield, furnish themes for the music which resounds through its corridors. Its pinnacles and towers pierce the sky, and declare to the immeasurable heights, the force, the faith, the sentiment and the love of man. Its foundations are built of convictions; its pillars, of hope; its vaulting, of lofty purposes, and its windows, of faith. Its cement is the blood of suffering, and its decoration, the love of heroes."

The writer, with prophetic outlook into the future, sees the almost boundless possibilities of human development. "The making of a man," he affirms, "a full, rounded and complete man, is the end of all things." The triumphant confidence of the soul in immortality taught in this book, is strikingly affirmed in the following lines:

"The ship may sink, and I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave in the ocean grave,
May be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

"What care I, though falls the sky,
And the shrivelled earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume,
What never was made nor meant to burn

"Let go the breath! There is no death
For the living soul, nor loss, nor harm;
Nor of the clod is the life of God;
Let it mount as it will, from form to form."

This is a clear, strong, original work, which cannot fail to inspire nobler ideals and lead to loftier realizations.

Bible Studies: A Series of Readings from Genesis to Ruth; with familiar comment. By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited, from unpublished stenographic notes of T. J. Ellinwood, by John R. Howard. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. Toronto: William Briggs. Garnet cloth, $1.50.

Any heretofore unprinted discourses from the eloquent lips of Henry Ward Beecher will be received as a precious treasure by a very large number of readers. Mr. Beecher did not profess to be a critical scholar. He was not always

a safe guide in Biblical exegesis. But he had, what for preaching the living Word is often far better, a keen spiritual insight that enabled him to discern the truth, and a broad humanitarian sympathy that enabled him to apply it to men's hearts and consciences. Like the Divine Teacher, he dwelt not so much in the letter that killeth, but in the spirit that giveth life.

While we may dissent from some of Beecher's individual utterances, yet he makes the Bible a more real, living book, and gives to these old primal doctrines a force and vigour that brings them home to every man's heart and conscience, to every man's business and bosom.

The book is rightly named "Bible Readings," for, with the exception of a couple of introductory discourses, it is a series of running comments on large sections of the Scripture from Genesis to Ruth. The following are some of the subjects treated: "The Book of Beginnings," "Abraham," "Isaac," "Jacob," "Joseph," "Moses," "Emancipation," "The Wilderness and Sinai," "The Sabbath," "Mosaic Institutions, Humanity, the Household, Social Observances," "The Feast of Tabernacles," "Joshua," "Gideon," "Samson," "Naomi and Ruth."

The chapter on "Mosaic Institutions" is of special interest as showing the importance of those institutions in the education of the race and their perennial adaptation to the highest civilization. The whole book is exceedingly suggestive and mentally stimulating. The last utterance serves as a key to the lessons of the entire volume: "Stand, then, for the Word of God. Make it a light to your path and a lamp to your feet. Let it be your guide in the way of righteousness. Live by it, and die in its hope."

International Teacher's Bible. London and Glasgow: William Collins, Sons & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the most remarked results of the International Sunday-school lesson system, and one of the most encouraging signs of the times is the increased attention given to the study of the Word of God, and the increased provision made for that study. Of this, the splendid series of Teacher's Bibles under review, is a conspicuous example. Publisher and editors have vied with each other in making as perfect an apparatus as possible for the critical study of the Bible.

In addition to the beautifully printed authorized version, with 80,000 original and selected parallel reference and marginal readings, there is provided, the "Bible Readers' Manual," edited by that accomplished scholar, Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D., Ph.D., who has called to his aid able experts in the over fifty departments treated in the Manual.

Among these departments are: "How to study the Bible," by Rev. Dr. James Stalker; "Inspiration," by Rev. Prof. Schaff; "The Bible in the Christian Church," by Rev. Dr. Dunning, Boston; "Ancient Versions of the Bible," by Rev. Prof. Harper, Chicago. Special summaries on the old and New Testament books, and articles on the Old and New Testament Apocrypha, are furnished by able writers. Rev. Prof. G. A. Smith treats the subject of Messianic prophecy; Prof. Whitehouse, Hebrew chronology, festivals, calendar, weights and measures.

Dr. Hurlbut, of New York, and Bishop Vincent, write respectively on "The Prophets," and on the "Sunday-school Teachers' use of the Bible. Canon Fausset furnishes special studies on the harmony of the Gospels, Apostolic history, etc. The four centuries of silence between the Old and New Testament periods are treated by competent writers. There is no better authority on Biblical geography than Major C. R. Conder, R.E., of the Ordnance Survey. The Bible and the ancient monuments of Babylonia and Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Ethiopia and subordinate states, are treated by Theophilus G. Pinches, M.A.R.S., of the British Museum, London. "Texts for Christian Workers," by Major Whittle, and "Daily Bread,"

by the late Murray McCheyne, are also given, together with a copious index. A concordance, Biblical Gazetteer, list and pronunciation of proper names, etc., enhance the value of this Manual.

A feature of much value is a number of engravings illustrating subjects, which are thus made clear at a glance. The copy before us contains also a metrical version of the Psalms and seventeen coloured maps, which have all been revised by Major Conder. The book is very handsomely manufactured, bound in extra Levant, silk sewed, full gilt, and is a thoroughly full and compendious apparatus for the study of the Word of God.

Thomas Chalmers. Biographical Study. By JAMES DODDS. Edinburgh: Anderson, Oliphant & Ferrier. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a companion volume to Dr. Brown's "Annals of the Disruption," and records the life and labours of one of Scotland's noblest sons. It is a sympathetic record of young Chalmers' university life, of his soul struggles with scepticism, of deep spiritual experiences, of his pulpit triumphs, of his professional career, of his conflict with the home heathenism of Glasgow and Edinburgh, of his part in the organization of the new Church, of his leadership in the secession for conscience sake, and of what our author calls "the Sabbath hours" of his last years. An admirable life of a great man.

Through Christ to God: a Study in Scientific Theology. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 373.

Dr. Beet is a leading minister of the English Wesleyan Conference, and professor at the Theological Institute at Richmond, near London. His able lecture on "The Credentials of the Gospel," we have previously reviewed in these pages. The present volume is in large degree an expansion of that lecture, and is the first of a series of volumes on scientific theology. The succeeding volumes will be "The New Life in Christ," "The Church," and "Last Things."

Dr. Beet has won a high reputation as an accomplished theologian, not merely in his own Church, but in the wider theological world. This is not a book to be reviewed in a brief notice, but is rather one for profound and exhaustive study. After a few preliminary lectures preparing the way for his comprehensive treatment, he devotes large sections to "Justification Through Faith," "The Death of Christ," "The Son of God," and the "Resurrection of Christ." These subjects are treated with great amplitude, freshness, and vigour.

The Canadian Magazine of Politics, Science, Art and Literature. Pp. 82. Ontario Publishing Co. Price $2.50 a year.

The initial number of this new magazine presents an interesting table of contents and a handsome appearance. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy discusses fully the Manitoba Public School Law; Principal Grant treats some anti-national features of the National Policy; our friend, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, has an interesting sketch of the Norse discoverers of America; Mr. H. S. Charlesworth treats some mannerisms of the stage, and Mr. W. W. Campbell contributes a fine poem of Sir Lancelot. We wish for this new literary venture a successful career.

LITERARY NOTE.

We have received the first volume of the journal and transactions of the Wentworth Historical Society. It is a well-printed volume of 200 pages, containing a number of admirable patriotic and historic sketches. If the city of Hamilton can maintain such a vigorous society, and present such a valuable volume, it is not to the credit of Toronto that she has not yet done anything so good.

35
36
Ararat
Nineveh
ASSYRIA
R. Euphrates
R. Tigris
GREAT SEA
CANAAN
Babylon
ARABIAN
DESERT
Sinai
RED SEA
NOTE: + indicates a City of Refuge.
SYRIA
Damascus
100 Miles to Hamath
MT. HERMON
PHENICIA
ZIDONIANS
MT. LEBANON
Cedars
Tyre
Dan
NAPHTALI
Waters of Merom
GESHUR?
BASHAN
33
Golan
Aphek
Sea of Gennesaret
MANASSEH
HALF TRIBE
ZEBULON
Mt. Tabor
Jezreel
ISSACHAR
Beth Shean
HILL OF MOREH
Well of Harod
R. Yarmuk
MANASSEH
HALF TRIBE
Jabesh Gilead
Mahanaim
Mt. Gilboa
GILEAD
40 MILES
Mt. Ebal
Joseph's Grave
Jacob's Well
Shechem
Mt. Gerizim
Jordan
Jabbok
EPHRAIM
Zereda
Joppa
Ramoth-Gilead
AMMON
20 MILES
Timnath-Serah
Shiloh
32
Gibeah
Bethel
Ai
DAN
BENJAMIN
Ekron
Gibeon
Ramah
Kirjath-jearim
Mizpeh
Jericho
Gilgal
Eshtaol
JERUSALEM
Zorah
Zelah
Zoar
Mt. Nebo or Pisgah
Azekah
Shocoh
Bethlehem
Gath
Hebron
(Eschol)
Engedi
REUBEN
MOAB
Beer
Gaza
Maon
Carmel
JUDAH
THE SALT SEA
PHILISTINES
SIMEON
Beersheba
EDOM
RADIAL KEY MAP OF
CANAAN
Copyright, 1889, by
GEO. MAY POWELL.
GREAT SEA
Port Said
Alexandria
Zoan
GOSHEN
NILE
DELTA
Rameses
Succoth
CAIRO
On
Etham
Suez
Pyramids
Pi-hahiroth
EGYPT
Marah
Elim
JERUSALEM
Jericho
Pisgah
ROAD
Hebron
Wilderness of
Kadesh
(Meribah)
Zin
Wilderness of
Paran
Mt. Hor
EDOM
Ezion Geber
Mt. Sinai
RED SEA